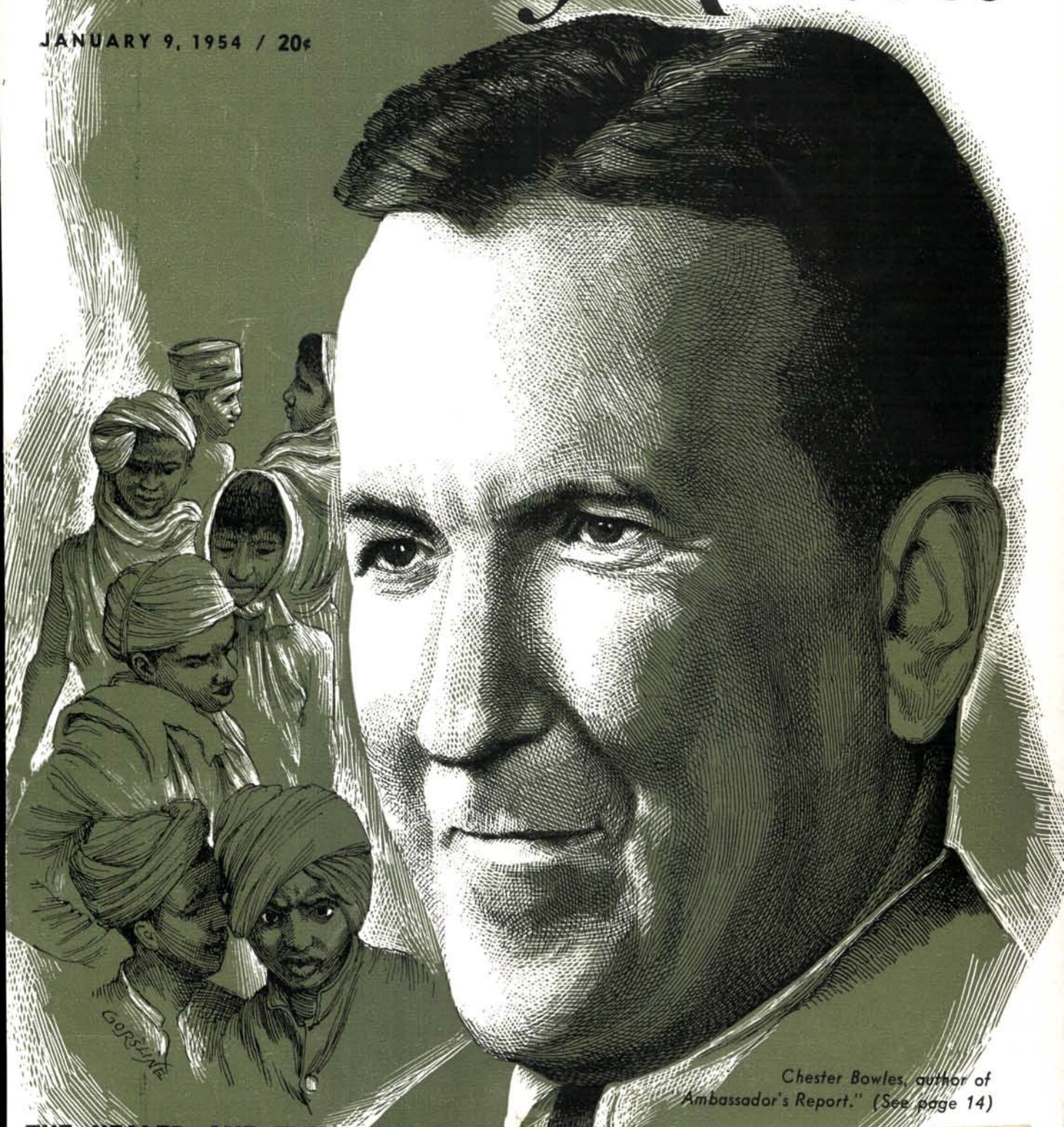
ANNAPURNA AND EVEREST COME TO THE MOVIES, BY HOLLIS ALPERT

Saturday Review

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N.J.

JANUARY 9, 1954 / 20¢



Chester Bowles, author of "Ambassador's Report." (See page 14)

THE HEALER AND THE SCIENTIST

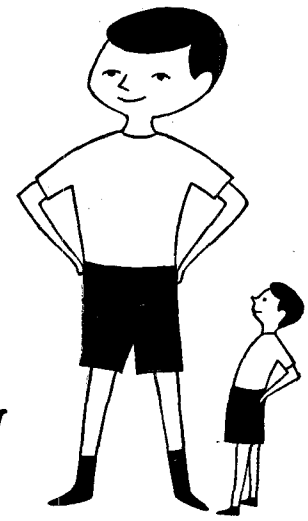
By Dana W. Atchley

SR 9-17-55RE 20 3F1S
UPSALA COLL LIB
239 PROSPECT ST 9-25-4
EAST ORANGE N J

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Giant boy



Scientists now foresee that the already dramatic electrical revolution in this country may be only in its infancy.

The giant now appears to be a boy, with most of his weighty growth still ahead. When such fantastic gains have already been made—in lights, turbines, electronics, TV, radio, electrically powered ships, trains, factories, homes—where can the imagination possibly go from here? What are some of the predictions?

Take a personal thing first. Millions of homes will have heat pumps to heat and cool automatically —using electricity for fuel.

You can expect to cook food someday by electronics—in seconds. Electrical incinerators will consume your waste paper and waste food. Dust will be taken from the air electrically. The day may come when TV screens hang like pictures on the wall, with only a tiny wire to the set.

Nuclear fuels are on the timetable of the scientists. Energy from the atom will eventually be a major source of power, regardless of whether fossil fuels are seriously depleted. By century's end, most new plants generating electricity will operate with atomic (fission) fuel. Aircraft, battleships, and the like will measure fuel consumption in grams.

What would converting sea water to fresh, at low cost, be worth to drought-deviled seaboard cities? This is possible and will be worth billions to the public. Storing heat from the sun is another long-range project of scientists.

As simply as we can say it, we are beginning, not ending, an era of possibilities involving the health, comfort, welfare and defense of the nation.

The year 2000 looks big and distant. Actually it is only 46 years away. By then, any puny prognostications made today will have been rewritten many times. But larger. Electricity has always been a field where each new fact generates many more things new. The years should be interesting to watch.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

JANUARY 9, 1954

Cover Drawing by Douglas Gorsline
After a Photograph by Fabian Bachrach

SR/IDEAS

7 THE HEALER AND THE SCIENTIST, by Dana W. Atchley
9 MEDICAL JOURNALISM—WITH AND WITHOUT UPBEAT, by Edith M. Stern
21 THESE DISTANT FRIENDSHIPS, by Houston Peterson
22 NAGASAKI'S MAGIC MOUNTAIN: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

10 THE BOOK OF HEALTH, edited by R. Lee Clark, Jr. and Russell W. Cumley
Reviewed by Russell S. Boles, M.D.
11 A HISTORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS IN AMERICA, by Clarence P. Oberndorf, M.D.
Reviewed by Franz Alexander, M.D.
13 WONDERS OF MODERN MEDICINE, by Steven M. Spencer
Reviewed by Beka Doherty
13 THE STORY OF AXEL MUNTHE, by Gustaf Munthe and Gudrun Uexküll
THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE, by Axel Munthe
Reviewed by Martin Gumpert, M.D.
14 AMBASSADOR'S REPORT, by Chester Bowles
An Essay-Review by William E. Stevenson
15 THE ARAB WORLD, by Nejla Izzeddin
Reviewed by R. Bayly Winder
16 CHINA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: THE JOURNALS OF MATTHEW RICCI
Reviewed by Kenneth Scott Latourette
17 SOVIET POLICY IN THE FAR EAST, by Max Beloff
Reviewed by Bertram D. Wolfe
18 NOT AS A STRANGER, by Morton Thompson
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller
19 CRESS DELEHANTY, by Jessamyn West
Reviewed by Eleanor M. Scott
20 THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SYLVIA, by Edgar Mittelholzer
Reviewed by Harrison Smith
20 FABULOUS ANCESTOR, by Donald Demarest
Reviewed by Robert Tallant
28 "MODERNISM" IN MODERN DRAMA, by Joseph Wood Krutch
Reviewed by John Gassner
29 THE HAUNTED HEROES OF EUGENE O'NEILL, by Edwin A. Engel
Reviewed by Richard Lockridge
37 RUDOLF VIRCHOW, by Erwin H. Ackerknecht
Reviewed by Ashley Montagu

SR/THE ARTS

30 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes
32 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Hollis Alpert
34 TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace
35 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf
16 LITERARY I.Q.
25 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
31 LITERARY CRYPT
38 NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman
42 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton
44 IDEAS ON FILM, by Cecile Starr
51 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 1033

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 2, Jan. 9, 1954. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the 'Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.'

Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

You may recall the recent announcement that a book which purported to be the war adventures of a Canadian was in fact based on invented stories.

¶ After this discovery, some papers wrote about similar hoaxes. Two of them, The New York *Times* and the El Paso *Times*, included Daisy Ashford's book, "The Young Visiters."

¶ I hate to contradict experts, but the fact is that "The Young Visiters" is a novel that *really* was written by a nine-year-old girl about "an elderly man of 42 who was fond of asking peaple to stay with him."

¶ The manuscript was displayed during the Festival of Britain and a new illustrated edition has been issued here. It is one of the most completly enjoyable books I know, and I commend it especially to readers of Gwen Raverat's fine work, "Period Piece." "The Young Visiters" costs only $1.50. Your bookseller has it, or can easily get you a copy.

* * *

¶ Huge bird tracks on a New Jersey beach were found to have been made by a man who walked in the sand with homemade bird feet in order to liven up things during the quiet winter months.

¶ This story struck a familiar chord with readers of H. Allen Smith's "The Compleat Practical Joker," in which he relates a similar trick perpetrated in the snow on the Cornell campus with a stuffed rinoceros foot.

¶ If you want to brighten up your own community, get "The Compleat Practical Joker." It has much to interest the inventive mind, and more for anyone who is just looking for laughs.

* * *

¶ Daisy Ashford's spelling is that of a nine-year-old, and H. Allen Smith's is Izaak Walton's. In addition, I have made two misspellings of my own in this column. I will give one copy of each book to the first persons who identify my errors.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Young Visiters" and "The Compleat Practical Joker" are published by Doubleday; "Period Piece" is published by W. W. Norton: all may be obtained from your bookseller. Letters to L. L. Day may be sent to Doubleday & Co., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just out! the new

DOUBLE CROSTICS BOOK: No. 31

BY DORIS NASH WORTMAN

Send for your copy of the new book of KINGSLEY DOUBLE CROSTICS. It's just published. It contains 50 brand new puzzles that have never before appeared in print. Mail the coupon today, and the postman will bring your copy of Series 31. Price $1.95

Note to people who have not yet acquired the Double Crostics Habit

Each DOUBLE CROSTIC puzzle looks like a crossword, and combines the fun of solving (1) a Literary Quiz, (2) an Acrostic, (3) a Secret Code.

Directions for solving are in the book. It will take just three minutes to learn how. And these three minutes will bring countless hours of entertainment to be had from the D-C's that appear in the Simon and Schuster books (of which the new one is the 31st), plus entirely new puzzles published each week in the *Saturday Review.*

To your bookseller, or
The Saturday Review,
25 West 45th Street,
New York 36, New York

Please send me....copies of KINGSLEY DOUBLE CROSTICS, Series 31, $1.95 each. (Add 25¢ for postage and handling.)

....copies of DOUBLE CROSTICS OMNIBUS, Series 2, containing 80 puzzles selected from early books, $1.00 each. (Add 25¢ for postage and handling.)

I am enclosing remittance for $....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....

N. Y. C. residents add 3% city sales tax.

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● Any bookshop looking for a new clerk who will double sales within a week? Maggie Sullavan, lovely star of "Sabrina Fair," the mere sound of whose voice sends chills up and down the spine of the average male, told a

Herald Tribune reporter, "The theatre is a most unglamorous business. I'd much rather be selling books!"

● ● Holiday shoppers suffered from an embarrassment of riches in the line of theatrical reminiscences and records this year. Lloyd Morris, Bolton and Wodehouse, Bernard Sobel, John Chapman, Louis Kronenberger, Joe Laurie, Jr., and Deems Taylor were all in there pitching—and you couldn't go wrong with any one of their offerings.

● ● At a literary cocktail party in New York, General Omar Bradley told how his two grandfathers fought on opposite sides in the Civil War. A writer who overheard him chimed in with: "The same is true of my grandfathers. They were cavalry officers." "Both of my grandfathers," said General Bradley, "were foot-privates."

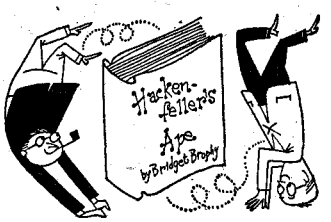
● ● In Indianapolis, D. Laurance Chambers has been elected chairman of the board of directors of Bobbs-Merrill, Lowe Berger, president, and Ross G. Baker, vice-president. Mr. Chambers celebrated his fiftieth anniversary with the company in September.

● ● In Paris, writes Richmond B. Williams, a bibliophile once went to extraordinary lengths to revenge himself on colleagues who, he felt, had not paid him the proper respect. A beautifully printed catalogue arrived at the home of each, announcing the auction of the private library of a count whose estate was very difficult to reach from Paris. The count was a figment of the bibliophile's imagination and so were the choice items in his catalogue. The perpetrator knew enough about rare books and the particular hobbies of his rivals to concoct at least one "association" item that they simply could not resist. He had the pleasure of seeing the last of them set off on the laborious trip to the "count's" mythical chateau, then prudently boarded the *Golden Arrow* himself for London.

● ● At Toots Shor's bustling bistro, Gene Fowler revealed the provocative title for his forthcoming memoir of departed cronies like W. C. Fields, John Barrymore, Wilson Mizner, and Jimmy Walker: "Minutes of the Last Meeting."

● ● Into his Madison Avenue office careened Patrick Knopf one day last week, yachting cap at a jaunty angle, bellowing, "Man your braces! Port your helms! Lay your bowsprits to the wind! And a portion of rum all around!" Turned out he had just taken a trip on the Staten Island ferry.

● ● In England, the literary sensation of the moment is a twenty-two-year-old girl named Bridget Brophy, whose off-beat novel, called "Hackenfeller's Ape," published by Rupert Hart-Davis, has critics turning hand-



springs. An active partner at Hart-Davis now, by the way, is Herbert Agar, one-time editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and author of "A Time for Greatness."

● ● In "My San Francisco," Joseph Henry Jackson, sort of a one-man chamber of commerce, carols: "Make the run out to the Cliff House any sunny Sunday, enjoy your lunch there, watch the seals on their wave-lashed rocks, and even hear their faint, continuous barking when the wind is right." It is the considered judgment of pundit Chas. Poore, however, that the faint, continuous barking doesn't come from the seals at all—but from Joe, pointing out the admitted glories of the city he loves.

● ● For the "Who's Loony Now?" department, composer Arthur Schwartz reports this phone conversation be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween his collaborator, Alan Lerner, and a friend:

Friend: "Alan, I'm desperately trying to locate a couple of tickets

for 'Teahouse of the August Moon' for any date. Can you help me?"
Alan: "I'm terribly sorry, Ed. I'm going crazy trying to get some for myself."
Friend: "No kidding? Say, maybe I can help you pick up a pair."

● ● On the debatable assumption that a certain columnist knows what he's talking about, Ben Hecht has now turned in the completed manuscript of his long-awaited autobiography to S. and S. for the eighth time.

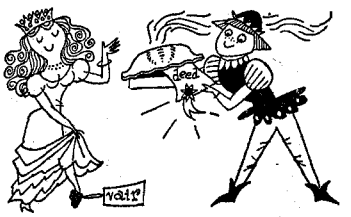
● ● In Brooklyn, a customer asked, "Do you carry books by Toinbee?" The book clerk answered, "Coitainly."

● ● Aboard the S. S. *Exochorda,* of the American Export Lines, Jim Birmingham spotted this sign outside the office of the purser: "Closed for one hour while members of the staff are making advances to the crew."

● ● In Hollywood, veteran Mack Sennett, discoverer of Gloria Swanson, Madeline Hurlock, and a score of other callipygian bathing beauties, explained to Leonard Mosley, of the *London Express,* the real reason for all the woes of the movie magnates. "Things began going to pot," recalled Sennett bitterly, "the tragic day when Jean Harlow first stumbled upon a man in the studio who had a book under his arm. She promptly spent a whole week's salary enrolling in a school and getting herself educated. Before we knew what had hit us every actor and actress in Hollywood started following suit. The fashion for reading spread through the colony like measles in a kindergarten. First thing you knew they even started reading the scripts of their pictures. From that moment on there was hell to pay."

● ● Tid-bits from Elsie Hix's "Strange As It Seems" (Hanover House):

Cinderella's slipper was not made of glass—it was made of fur. The similarities in the French word "vair," meaning fur and "verre," meaning glass, caused an error in the translation into English of this famous fairy tale . . . Little Jack Horner was a real boy. He lived in the England of Henry the Eighth during the campaign against monasteries. The Abbot of Glastonbury, trying to save his monastery, put the title deed in a pie and sent it to the king by little Jack Horner. Jack appropriated the deed for himself; this valuable deed was Jack Horner's "plum." . . . The poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti literally came from the grave. When Rossetti's wife died he had all his unpub-



lished manuscripts buried with her. Eight years later he consented to having them exhumed and published.

● ● In a New Rochelle bookshop a dear little old lady sought a copy of "that new Pollyanna book," adding dubiously, "though I hear it's all about a disorderly house."

● ● In Washington, news commentators have been keyed up to such a pitch that they can scarcely stand a day that provides no big front-page headlines. Harriet Crowley tells of one surprisingly dull interlude when radio newscaster Baukhage grumbled, "Things were so dead around here this evening that I had to do myself a piece on those blank blank cherry blossoms!"

● ● In New York, the 1954 edition of Scott's famous "Postage Stamp Catalogue" appeared at a propitious moment: the day it was announced that a wealthy Canadian had forked over $36,000 for the world's "second most valuable" stamp. This stamp, issued by Sweden in 1855, was once owned by King Carol of Rumania, who paid $25,000 for it. The only one that exceeds it in value is British Guiana's 1856 one-cent magenta, priced at $50,000. There is only one of each of these stamps known to exist.

● ● In Hollywood, the Pickwick Bookshop dispatched an order for a dozen copies of a poetry anthology to a publisher in New York, adding, "Mint copies only, please." Back came a note reading, "We regret we are unable to fill your order for mint copies. This volume comes in bindings of only two colors: red and blue."

—Bennett Cerf.

NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

There can never be enough of a good thing. In a previous column we told how both we and the University of Chicago Press brought out editions of Galileo's *Dialogue*—the first in English for nearly three centuries. We now learn that the first Polish edition has recently appeared.

Apparently we were not alone in thinking that a pictorial history of the theater was a good idea. We have recently published a book which traces the history of the theater as an institution from its most primitive beginnings to modern times, told by means of drawings and photographs rather than with words. We cannot speak for the other recent pictorial history of the theater, but we are sure that **Theater Pictorial** ($10.00), by George Altman, Ralph Freud, Kenneth Macgowan, and William Melnitz, can stand comparison with its rival. Of the 516 illustrations in our book, more than 100 have never before appeared in any book on the theater; 150 have not previously been published in England or America; many of the rest are from books now out of print.

It is not often that we publish such a rollicking, bawdy tale as Henry Fielding's **An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews.** Fielding, after his political plays got him into trouble, turned to the novel, and, under a pseudonym, published a parody of Samuel Richardson's successful *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.*

Asserting that Richardson's story of the virtuous serving wench was a whitewash of the truth, Fielding forthwith presented the "real" story. He showed the indignant Shamela actually much flattered by her master's violent attentions and bargaining her "chastity" for a distinguished marriage. The real brilliance of *Shamela* is in the precision of its parody. Phrase by phrase, Fielding harries Richardson to a finish.

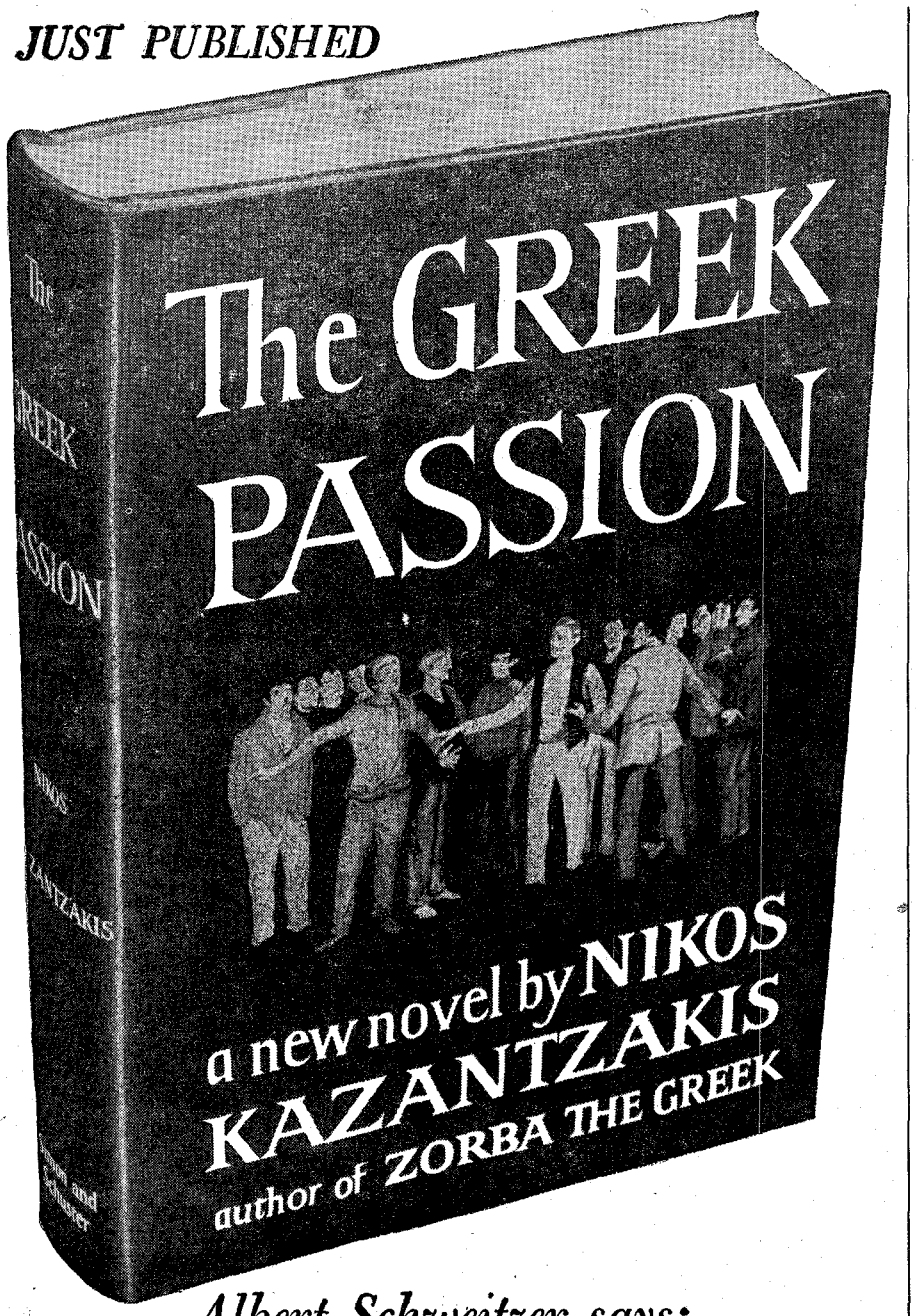
Our edition, edited by Sheridan W. Baker, Jr. ($2.75), reproduces the text of the first printing of April, 1741.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Address: Berkeley 4, California

(Advertisement)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED



Albert Schweitzer says:

"Since I was a young boy, no author has made such a deep impression upon me as Nikos Kazantzakis. His work has depth and durable value because he has experienced much and in the human community he has suffered and yielded much."

Thomas Mann says:

"*The Greek Passion* is without a doubt a work of a high artistic order, formed by a tender and firm hand, and built up with strong dynamic power. I have particularly admired the poetic art in phrasing the subtle, yet unmistakable allusions to the Christian Passion story. They give the book its mythical background which is such a vital element in the epic form today."

$4. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

SR's Library Poll

ALTHOUGH the books that are the favorites with public-library patrons have switched their standings during the past week, there are no new titles among the top-ranking twenty, reported *SR*'s poll-takers. André Maurois' biography of George Sand, "Lélia," continues its tight hold on first place, while the latest works of two time-tested fictioneers, Samuel Shellabarger and James Hilton, follow, with the inspirational works of two men of the cloth, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, coming in fourth and fifth respectively.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)**
3. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)
4. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
5. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
6. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)
7. **Désirée**
   by Annemarie Selinko (F)
8. **The Adventures of Augie March**
   by Saul Bellow (F)
9. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
   by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
10. **Beyond this Place**
    by A. J. Cronin (F)
11. **Too Late the Phalarope**
    by Alan Paton (F)
12. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female**
    by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
13. **Come, My Beloved**
    by Pearl Buck (F)
14. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
15. **The Unconquered**
    by Ben Ames Williams (F)
16. **The Voices of Silence**
    by André Malraux (G)
17. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
18. **Fire in the Ashes**
    by Theodore H. White (G)
19. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
    by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
20. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N. Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), New York (N. Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D.C.).

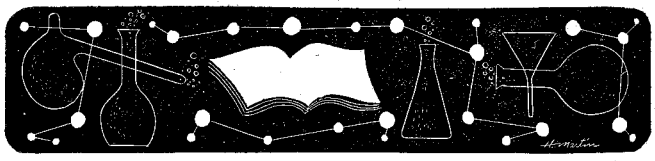
* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

JANUARY 9, 1954

THE HEALER AND THE SCIENTIST



By DANA W. ATCHLEY

The art of healing and the science of medicine were once separate and often antagonistic functions. Today the old art and the new science are merging ever more closely. This fusion and its effect on doctor and patient are discussed here by one of America's leading physicians, Dana W. Atchley, professor of clinical medicine at Columbia University and a long-time staff member at New York's Presbyterian Hospital.

THE pace of human progress has notably accelerated in the past half-century and the practice of medicine offers no exception. The medicine that I learned on the wards of a university hospital in 1915 presents almost as sharp a contrast to that taught today as would the 1915 variety to that of Hippocrates 2,300 years earlier. During these four decades the old art of healing has at last been fused with the young science of medicine. By the art of healing I mean the skilful and creative dispensing of any type of relief to the sick of body or heart. Like all the arts, it can be measured only in terms of the inspiration which it evokes. The science of medicine, on the other hand, includes all of the rich and demonstrable results of the application of man's intellectual faculties to problems related to his health. The art of healing is as old as recorded history; the science of healing is relatively young and only lately stands on its own feet. Medicine as a whole came of age when the stature of the science grew large enough for it to combine with the art in mutual understanding and respect. This new medicine is still adolescent, but it is alive and growing, and it exerts an influence far ahead of its years.

Man's urge to heal and comfort his neighbor is a basic human trait and the relief that comes from the sharing of pain and fear is almost universal. The ailing are highly susceptible to the art of the healer, no matter what his methods. These methods are unbelievably varied; they invoke the entire spectrum of man's faith and his superstitions; they run from the valid and sound to the dishonest and harmful. A richly endowed human being in the role of healer can offer his ailing fellow man an extraordinary amount of relief though he may have no comprehension of the disease processes involved. This very lack of knowledge evokes an authoritarian approach which highly intelligent patients, skeptical in other areas, welcome in their healer. Repeatedly the absurdness of a guarantee is obscured by a burst of wishful thinking, leading even the more sophisticated into the attractive pathway of pretended infallibility.

Reassurance is the physician's primary obligation, and it can be accomplished without the implication of spurious powers. A sounder and more permanent foundation is built by the exhibition of genuine interest and by an obvious desire to be helpful. These qualities and the loyal concern they imply are basic necessities alike for the grossest charlatan and for the best trained physician; they need no background of preparation; they are fully effective in the most untrained hands. But the more sensitive healer offers even richer rewards for his fee than authority and reassurance. Foremost among these are sympathy, of which many are capable, and compassion, a far rarer quality. For sympathy is given, hence may be simulated, may unconvincingly arise from a sterile heart; compassion is felt, and its depth and integrity establish a mood that calms and reassures almost wordlessly but with full conviction.

THOUGH he have no medical training, the genuinely talented healer can understand the personality and environment of his patient. A combination of hearsay, shrewd questioning, and intuition can develop a remarkably complete picture of an individual, his temperament, the stresses of his life, his strengths and his weaknesses. Advice so guided may be of such value that the patient's life is happily altered while nature is curing the ailment that led him to seek help. For those whom nature cannot cure understanding and compassion offer a measure of peace to the troubled heart. These gifts that the healer may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bring while in utter ignorance of the basic processes are impressive. Appropriately applied they create faith and they work miracles. Their influence explains the passionate testimonials given by the devotees of all healing cults.

It is unfortunate that the healer from the beginning has never been satisfied to confine himself to the sound and safe powers of his warmth and understanding. Whether he himself suggested it or whether the sick man demanded more substantial therapy, the fact remains that some material token has usually accompanied the psychological approach. Animal sacrifices, herb brews, amulets, powdered reptilian skins, major and minor magic of all sorts have been used both sincerely and dishonestly. Once in a million times the remedy chanced to be of real value; among other brews the bark of the cinchona (quinine) tree, for example, was used successfully for the treatment of malaria and a frog's skin cured dropsy because it contained a digitalis-like substance. On the other hand, the medicine man exerted a seriously harmful influence on the evolution of medicine by indoctrinating a demand for spectacular demonstrations of a tangible nature, a demand for action.

While the science of medicine was in its embryonic phases the highest type of physician was forced to rely almost entirely on the healing art for the good that he did. The revered family physician lived in a relatively small community, his patients were long-time friends, and he himself was usually a consecrated kindly individual. Had he and his patients been satisfied with the sympathetic dispensing of understanding and reassurance he would have done even more good and the sound development of the practice of medicine would have been less impeded. However, the urge for spectacular action, inherited from the magician, pushed him into many foolish and often harmful procedures. Bleeding was one of the most dramatic maneuvers, and probably the most dangerous, practised in enlightened circles. Many poor sufferers in need of a transfusion were bled white. Patients who needed better nutrition were starved, those who needed rest were bedeviled with leeches and blisters, a typhoid at low ebb was plunged into ice water, dessicated sufferers whose lack was water and salt were deprived still further by sweat baths. The most enduring of these violent treatments was the administration of strong purges; as a medical student I saw every patient entering the wards of the hospital given a large dose of epsom salts as an admission greeting. None was benefited and the stay of many was prolonged by this magic. Unfortunately, as the techniques I have mentioned (and there were many others) were handed on from teacher to pupil they developed a spurious sanctity which discouraged any attempt to alter or discard them. Medical science had not yet reached a maturity strong enough to counterbalance the traditions of the healer. Some discoveries made by isolated brilliant investigators were discarded by the medical authorities of the day in formal balloting.

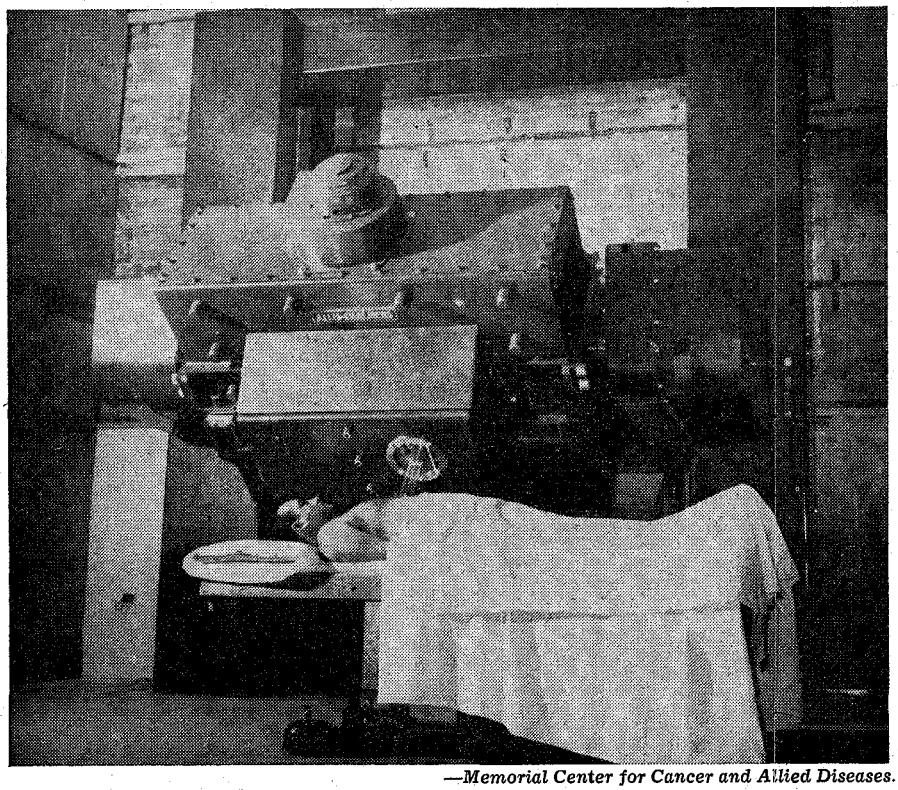
While the medical profession still evinces the human frailties of bigotry and is often too attentive to tradition, the physician who today discovers a new truth or discards an unsound heritage is more likely to be rewarded than exiled. This intellectual emancipation has been largely due to the influence of the whole field of science with its steady substitution of hypotheses derived from experiment for dogma built on superstition.

THOSE of us who entered medical school forty years ago found an impressive array of facts requiring assimilation; indeed most of us were discouraged at the seemingly impossible feat. The anatomy of the human body, both normal and diseased, had been thoroughly explored. Physiology was describing the superficial functions of the various organs and biochemistry was delving into the structure of the unique substances characteristic of living tissues. Bacteriology was eliminating many cherished preconceptions as to the cause of disease. In the basic scientific departments of the medical school imaginative research and sophisticated critique were abundantly evident.

In sharp contrast, the practice of medicine was strikingly less mature. As one stepped from the laboratories to the wards one moved into another world, a world still under the thrall of tradition and dogma. A few shafts of light in the form of simple examinations of the blood and search for bacteria in patients with fever had begun to penetrate, but the essence of the diagnostic study was a ritualistic type of physical examination. The goal of diagnosis was classification rather than understanding, classification too often oriented solely to the reminiscent picture of some previous patient.

There was an overwhelming preoccupation with the results of direct observation, understandable because it offered a great deal more than any previous approach, but nevertheless diverting attention from a more integrative attitude toward the ill person.

Treatment was almost wholly empiric, the uncritical application of codified tradition. As I have already pointed out, patients were purged, starved, and doused with ice water; there was little attempt to appraise the value of these measures either theoretically or pragmatically. Dosages were stereotyped and the exist-



—Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases.

The new twenty-four-million volt betatron.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ence of responses peculiar to the individual were relatively unrecognized.

Too often in the hospitals of those days the healer was not encouraged and the scientist was not admitted. The physician-in-chief, as he walked his wards garbed in the authority of the master (also often in a silk hat and cutaway), was accredited by his followers with omniscience. Indeed, some of the best of these famous clinicians did know all there was to know and used their knowledge with extraordinary astuteness. They represented the best in medicine and their inadequacies were those of their profession at that time. The healer had been pushed into the background by the physician's intense interest in pathology, the abnormal anatomy of disease. The scientist was not yet an accepted member of the medical staff. In fact, there was a certain amount of antagonism, some good-humored, some bitter, between the research workers in the fundamental fields and the physicians and surgeons in the hospital. A few joint enterprises were appearing at the time I became a medical student, but there was little active cooperation between the basic science departments and the men in the clinical fields. It was the introduction of the scientist into the hospital and the clinician into the laboratory that was largely responsible for the quality of modern medicine. There have been extraordinary technical advances and many individual discoveries of great import and brilliance, but their wise and efficient application to the management of sick men and women would never have been possible without a change in the physician himself, without the development of an experimental attitude and the critique that this evokes.

THERE are so many differences between the best medicine of today and the practices of forty years ago that it is difficult to present them in an orderly way with attention to relative significance. The synthesis of the healer and the scientist has produced two outstanding changes in the practice of medicine: the healer has guided us back to a primary preoccupation with a person, an individual human being, and the scientist has given us the power of analysis and integration and has led us to discard orthodoxy and illogical tradition.

Interest in the individual has always been evinced by the physician with a true instinct for healing, but in the past two or three decades it has increasingly been acclaimed as a primary objective. Medical students are now taught that a good history is

(*Continued on page 47*)

Medical Journalism — With and Without Upbeat

No one is better qualified to discuss the pros and cons of medical journalism than Edith M. Stern, respected author of books and articles for the layman on medicine and psychology.

By EDITH M. STERN

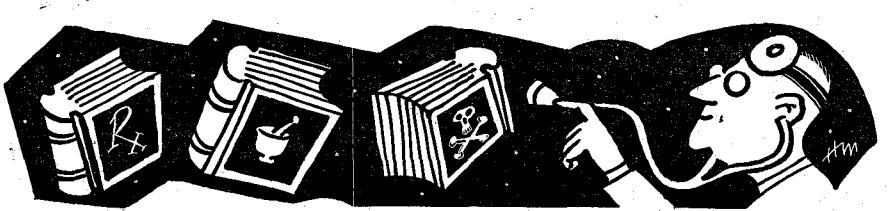
AS A VETERAN writer of medical and psychological articles for the mass-circulation "slicks," I have a fellow feeling for the violinist who rebelled after having been with an orchestra for thirty years. One day, so the story goes, he sat with his hands folded during rehearsal, and when the conductor rapped on the podium with his baton and demanded furiously, "Why aren't you playing?" replied, with a melancholy sigh, "Because I don't like music." Sometimes I feel like sitting at my typewriter with my hands folded. I don't like popularization. It has gone too far. The little learning—with illustrations—which the magazines have been pouring into a thirsty public has become a dangerous thing.

One reason is that false hopes inspired by medical articles with such recurring titles as "There's Hope for . . ." and "Good News About . . ." can disrupt peace of mind and body far more than honest acceptance of the facts. Take my own case, for instance. I've sincerely believed the many articles I've both written and read about how chronic conditions can be prevented through regular physical check-ups and how the aging needn't be old—after all, weren't these pieces documented by quotes from reputable physicians? When I developed mildly incapacitating osteoarthritis, therefore, I underwent quite an emotional shock; this shouldn't happen to anybody, and couldn't happen to me! My uninformed mother and grandmother, who had only old Doc to educate them, would have shrugged off twinges and creakings like mine as something quite to be expected in their early fifties.

Light on the wonders of psychiatry, often shed in the first person by ex-mental-hospital patients or their relatives, has given that medical specialty an effulgence which its conscientious practitioners have a hard time dimming. Illusions engendered by magazine articles are now almost as common in mental hospitals as delusions stemming from disordered minds. Scarcely a day goes by, staff psychiatrists have told me unhappily, that some patient's relative or, indeed, patient doesn't brandish a magazine article and demand accusingly, "Why haven't you used this treatment?" The psychiatrist's explanation, "It's not indicated," is pale and unsatisfactory beside the glowing promise in the printed words: recoveries of so many patients out of only a few more.

Since reputable writers and editors (motivated by a combination of self-protection and integrity) tend to get expert checking before publication, factual inaccuracy as a rule is least among the factors which transmute what should be merely a report on a hopeful experiment into joyous hailing of a sure cure. An important one is readers' wishful thinking. Another is the highly competitive slicks' need for scoops; hence new medical discoveries are played up, truthfully enough, before time and further research play them down. In an early experiment with glutamic acid, for example, I.Q.'s of a handful of retarded children were raised, and it took many more experiments to break the prematurely publicized promise of a specific for mental deficiency. So, too, the public rejoiced over the far advanced tuberculous patients who danced on the ward shortly after having been given isoniazid. But by a year later some of those patients had died.

Furthermore, medical articles cannot be properly evaluated under the driers in beauty parlors or in train and plane seats, but only in the perspective of medical libraries where,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a wise old physician once told me, "You can find anything on either side of everything."

But the main cause of mass euphoria is intrinsic in the slicks' formula. Articles must be optimistic, encouraging, constructive—the trade term is "upbeat"—or readers will not be properly receptive to the upbeats in the advertising pages. Since articles need not be untruthful to follow the formula, it is quite in order for a writer to include such depressing facts as that benefits from shock treatment are not always permanent, lobotomy destroys certain intellectual capacities, or chest X-rays do not certainly detect lung cancer. But since most of the 2,000-4,000 words must be "angled" positively, a tangential qualifying paragraph or so is all too likely to be lost. Indeed, even a title, emphatic and sweeping to attract readers, can completely obfuscate any faint downbeats.

Paradoxically, the torrent of popularization carries along undue fears as well as undue hopes. Infantile paralysis, that hardy summer perennial on magazine covers, has been dramatized out of all proportion to its incidence. Cancer, admittedly soft-pedaled for too long, has become terrifyingly fortissimo. "I can't imagine what's the matter with the girls in the office," a Government official said about a year ago. "They go about all day long pinching their breasts." Perhaps by now the Republicans have stopped such waste of taxpayers' time, but at that time the slicks had broken out into a rash of pieces on self-examination for breast cancer. To be sure, in articles about any dread disease which will get you if you don't watch out there is always lip service to expert consultation; indeed, "see your doctor" appears so often it is probably a permanent linotype slug. But here, too, the slicks' formula, especially for women readers, throws an idea out of focus. Emphasis must be on self-help. Readers must be left with the thought that they themselves can do something about something.

IN psychological pieces, although "get psychiatric help" is also tossed in, as a kind of *in extremis* measure, readers are similarly encouraged to straighten themselves out. Unfortunately, however, no article can help a person with a border-line mental disturbance when he goes over the edge into panic because he recognizes his own conflicts in a snappily written exposition of what really makes people tick. No matter how soothingly a self-help piece explains that everyone has quirks which don't mean much, too often its upshot is

(*Continued on page* 36)

MEDICINE

Sciences of Well-being

"The Book of Health," compiled and edited by R. Lee Clark, Jr. and Russell W. Cumley *(Elsevier Press. 769 pp. $10), is a big, lavishly illustrated encyclopedia of medicine intended for the layman, to which 242 experts contributed. Dr. Russell S. Boles, our reviewer, is associate professor of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine and physician to the medical division of the Philadelphia General Hospital.*

By Russell S. Boles, M. D.

"THE Book of Health" is a superior volume of its kind, what might be called a layman's cyclopedia of medicine. Written by 242 experts, all of whose contributions are authentic, and suitably edited for laymen's consumption by Drs. R. Lee Clark, Jr. and Russell W. Cumley, it will obviously serve as a useful reference book for the student of physiology and hygiene, for students of medicine and allied branches, as well as those working in auxiliary fields. The science writer will find it a fertile field for browsing. The book is richly illustrated with color plates, photographs, drawings, and diagrams, among the most interesting of which are the many little corner photographs of individuals and events holding great historical interest in the development of medicine. Whether all the book offers is healthy food for home consumption is another matter.

The first chapter delves into a scientific (too scientific for the layman) explanation of how life begins, and then takes up a not too superficial discussion of embryology. This latter is illustrated by pictures of the fetus within the womb at various intervals and again at the age of four and six months. Heredity is briefly but sufficiently dealt with. The symptoms and bodily changes that appear in the mother during pregnancy are described and instructions are given concerning her hygiene during this period. Attention is called to some disorders of pregnancy that might befall her, and finally drama is injected by some large serial, close-up photographs of the birth of a baby from the time its head emerges from the mother to the closing peaceful incident of cutting the cord. A photograph of the afterbirth (placenta) appears as an inelegant anti-climax.

It strikes this reviewer that most of this chapter could have been omitted. Aside from a few practical suggestions to an expectant mother, one finds little justification for the lurid detail, particularly the photographs, repulsive as they are bound to be to many individuals.

One of the most important things for an expectant and nursing mother to know is what to eat. However, the proper diet for her is but sketchily outlined while two full pages are devoted to eight photographs (large ones) of the technique of circumcision—pictures that will hardly encourage a young mother to subject her offspring to such an apparent mutilation. Speaking of diet, one finds later in the book a splendid chapter on nutrition in which food requirements and deficiencies are discussed. Obesity, of course, is included.

The description of the chronological mental and emotional growth and development of the young child is excellent and should prove interesting and helpful reading to all parents. Fourteen photographs of the development of the female breast add interest to this chapter but, after all, they only depict what every woman knows and what most men find out.

AT a time when sex is being exploited by every available means of communication — movies, television, magazines, newspapers, digests, and advertisements—and almost without exception purely (or impurely) for commercial gain rather than educational enlightment, it is refreshing to find a healthy, normal description of the reproductive systems and their function in the male and female with

Early technique for leg amputation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Illustrations from "The Book of Health."

Avenzoar, twelfth-century Arabian physician who studied carcinoma of the stomach and esophagus.

detailed illustrations of each, in color. This is followed by a fascinating chapter on sex and marriage which discusses normal and abnormal sexual behavior in a manner that is wholly acceptable. Close reading of this chapter is certain to contribute much to a better understanding between the sexes as far as their sexual relations are concerned. Illustrations of disease and operations in this and other chapters throughout the book serve no useful purpose and tend to mar otherwise useful and pleasant reading.

The various systems of the body such as the lungs, heart, skin, endocrine, skeletal, digestive, urinary, brain, and nervous system are all well covered. In fact, the descriptions of healthy and diseased organs are extravagantly complete for a book of this kind and could in certain individuals serve more to arouse anxiety and self-treatment than to provide helpful cooperation with the physician. How often a physician silently suffers when a patient triumphantly enters his office armed with newspaper clippings, magazine articles, and other ill-assorted bits of information which he believes entitles him to put the poor fellow on the spot and waste his time with needless and foolish interpretations of his illness.

Extremely valuable sections for home consumption are those on rehabilitation and reconstruction of various parts of the body following accident, disease, and congenital deformities. The care, education, and opportunities for the blind and the deaf —all this provides thrilling reading and will lighten the burden that many bear as they realize the magnificent progress the medical profession is making in their behalf. Useful information for the diabetic, on the examination of the urine, the care of the feet to prevent gangrene and amputation, and the technique of insulin injection, add greatly to the book's value.

Another useful chapter covers the care of the sick at home. In these days when servants, nurses, and hospital beds are often unavailable, the care of the chronically ill and convalescent has posed a serious problem. The instructions and illustrations offered here will help all those in distress.

The physical and mental health and the sociologic problems of the aged are given proper consideration. This is opportune with the development of geriatrics and especially when such a need exists to determine who shall say who is aged and who is not, and why. The time has arrived when chronological standards for evaluating an individual's health and abilities is nothing short of ridiculous.

Civil defense as well as the everyday risk of accident make it desirable for everyone to be properly informed and equipped for the care of the injured and emergency illness. The chapter on Physical Injuries and First Aid provides such information in a thoroughly comprehensive manner.

The final chapters of the book are devoted to a brief but exceedingly interesting history of medicine, and to some inside information about your doctor, your nurse and hospital; also, your technologist, physical and occupational therapist, dentist, pharmacist, the drug industry, and health organizations, explaining how all of them are working together as never before in providing the best medical care that human knowledge affords.

Doctoring the Id

"A History of Psychoanalysis in America," by Clarence P. Oberndorf, M.D. *(Grune & Stratton. 280 pp. $5), is the work of a man who himself played a pivotal role in the development of that science in this country. Our reviewer, Dr. Franz Alexander, is director of the Institute for Psychoanalysis and clinical professor of psychiatry at the College of Medicine, University of Illinois.*

By Franz Alexander, M. D.

IN "A History of Psychoanalysis in America" Dr. Clarence P. Oberndorf offers an eyewitness story of the spectacular growth of psychoanalytic training, practice, and contributions to psychoanalytic thought in the United States in the last forty years. He explains how and why the main stream of psychoanalytic development shifted to this country from its birthplace in Europe, a course of events not unique for psychoanalysis, for the same shift took place in medicine in general, in the physical and social sciences, and to a lesser but increasing degree in music, painting, and literature. This dislocation of cultural advancement in the West from the Old to the New World is partially the result of the fact that the "participation in the World War interfered relatively little with educational activities in this country" and, equally important, the number of doctors (and educators, physicists, philosophers,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

musicians, painters, writers, etc.) "who had emigrated from Europe."

Dr. Oberndorf inquires pertinently: What made this country such a fertile ground for the development of psychoanalysis? After discarding a number of current but mostly superficial explanations, he attributes the rapid advancement of psychoanalysis here primarily to the prevailing pragmatic and realistic attitude: "American psychiatrists, teachers, professors, and sociologists, reared in democracy and less awed by tradition, although not uncritical, were far more ready than their European colleagues to examine and test Freud's ideas in an experimental spirit." Americans, presented with an innovation, are not much bothered about who proposed it or sanctioned it, or whether it is in line with previous ideas and convictions; Americans are concerned with whether or not it works. And psychoanalysis obviously worked. It brought sense to the hitherto inexplicable and chaotic manifestations of the mentally disturbed patient and opened up the possibility of treatment which was based on the understanding of the ailment replacing mere description, classification, and custodial care.

DR. OBERNDORF tells how the psychoanalytic knowledge he received first-hand from Freud when he underwent a personal analysis with him in Vienna completely transformed his approach to the mentally ill. As a young psychiatrist on the staff of Bellevue Hospital in New York City he had been in the same predicament as his contemporaries when called upon to administer medical help to patients suffering from hysterical or other neurotic symptoms. In the field of psychiatry there did not as yet exist a system of knowledge similar to that in other medical fields to serve as a rational basis of treatment. Magical and semi-magical procedures were still in use, such as the painful cauterization of the patient's skin by an electric needle heated to a glow or to the squirting of a syphon or two of ice-cold Vichy water on his head. Oberndorf suspects, and with reason, that the use of such drastic procedures—the precursors of electric shock and insulin coma—was "not only to effect an alleviation of the patient's stubborn complaints but also the physician's irritation because the patient's illness had baffled him in his attempts to attain a cure by other means."

From psychoanalysis Dr. Oberndorf learned to listen to the patient's story and to evaluate his symptoms in the light of his life history, not only on the basis of conscious material but particularly as the result of emotional experiences which the patient, particularly as a child, had to exclude from his conscious mind because he was not capable of dealing with them. Above all he learned how to understand and make use of the patient's emotional involvement with the physician, the "transference," as an experimental sample of the patterns of the patient's conflictful reaction.

Dr. Oberndorf, however, is by no means a blind follower. He retains his critical judgment and is keenly aware of the dangers which arose as psychoanalysis became more and more institutionalized and its teaching and practice codified.

All branches of human knowledge encounter these hazards when the accomplishments of the past become standardized and frozen by tradition. Psychoanalysis in the United States had to cope with an additional hazard which has not escaped Dr. Oberndorf's attention: "A few among the men and women psychoanalysts who had fled from the intolerable political situation abroad carried with them the idea that they had a mission to preserve psychoanalysis in the tradition of Vienna of the 1920's." He adds the hopeful note: "However, by now most of these Europeans have merged their interests with the American physicians and have come to appreciate the wisdom of the original New York group in allying psychoanalysis closely with psychiatry and general medicine."

Dr. Oberndorf attributes to this latter point great historical significance. The feud between Freud and the physicians originated in Europe at the heyday of the laboratory era when academic medicine was fascinated by the hope that eventually all life processes can be reduced to the knowledge of physics and chemistry. The physician's ideal was to become the engineer of that complex mechanism the human body. The introduction of psychological considerations appeared as a threat to this prevailing orientation. The clash was unavoidable and Freud was forced to go into isolation, to build his own society, his own library, his own journals and press. The International Psychoanalytic Association came into being outside of the boundaries of the traditional medical world. Oberndorf stresses the fact that "the boycott against psychoanalysis by medical men in Europe, which long ago so incensed Freud, never attained any comparable intensity here." As early as between 1910 and 1920 on the faculties of medical schools and hospitals in New York Freud's teachings were given serious consideration.

Dr. Oberndorf is also quite right when he says that at present psychoanalysis need fear less neglect and emotional rejection from extra-medical sources than the dogmatic zeal of those psychoanalysts who remain emotionally fixated to the long past years when Freud's withdrawal into isolation and his mistrust of the non-analytic world were justified.

"Thanks . . . now, as I was saying . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Skilful Miracles

"Wonders of Modern Medicine," by Steven M. Spencer *(McGraw-Hill. 276 pp. $4), is a collection of articles about advances made since the end of World War II, drawn from the pages of* The Saturday Evening Post. *Beka Doherty, who reviews it below, is the author of a number of volumes on medical subjects intended for the layman.*

By Beka Doherty

WRITERS of scientific news, who by and large want their work to be both interesting and scientifically respectable, must try to walk a chalk line. A slip to one side brands them as sensation-mongers and brings down upon their heads denunciations from scientists and physicians, as well as protests from the responsible public, which long ago sickened of headlined "miracles." A slip to the opposite side, on the other hand, reduces them to mere translators of technical reports, not worth the trouble of printing or of reading.

In this book Mr. Spencer shows anyone who wants to learn how well the chalk line can be walked. As a journalist (associate editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*) he covers subjects ranging from the surgery of the heart to hunting for diseased ticks in the Rockies. But he manages to give each of his seventeen different topics the serious attention warranted by a major health problem. Professional critics—there are many who are still shocked by a layman's invasion of the sacred circle—should be confounded by the book's evidences of careful research, checking, and cross-checking. Non-professional readers will find in it an intelligent and reliable exposition of medical progress—if not the "wonders" promised by the title—from about 1945 to the present.

The book incudes, of course, reviews of recent major developments. There is a notably good chapter on the rise of the antibiotics, the prime causes of the medical revolution we take so much for granted. There is also an optimistic chapter on "atomic" medicine, another headline-catcher. Nonetheless, three of the most interesting chapters are those devoted to epileptics, retarded children, and the repair of cleft palates. All of these are social problems as well as problems in medicine.

There are some 800,000 epileptics in the United States alone, Mr. Spencer points out, and most of them have been, at one time or another, victims of the medieval horror their disease inspires in too many people. Many have even been locked up in institutions for the criminally insane or otherwise mistreated; Mr. Spencer tells the story of one boy who recovered from a seizure to find himself in an alcoholic ward. Among the boy's fellow patients were men who had reached the stage of delirium tremens. Epileptics have been denied jobs, social acceptance, and any chance to make a decent life for themselves. Yet, if full medical advantage is taken of the new anticonvulsant drugs as many as 75 per cent of the known epileptics can be made virtually symptom-free. They can hold all but the most perilous jobs and, given a chance to escape from the "socio-psychological insults" that are too often their daily lot, they can prove themselves useful and even inspiring citizens.

Another engrossing problem likely to be overlooked in the excitement over wonder drugs and atomic medicine is that of retarded children. Because 90 per cent of the 1,500,000 mentally deficient in our population must live at home there is great need for more public understanding of the problem, more expert help for the families who must care for these chronic children, and more tax-supported facilities at which these pathetic victims can learn how best to use their limited faculties.

SURGICAL repair of cleft palates and split lips may also seem minor in the face of such unconquered challenges as tuberculosis and cancer. But Mr. Spencer makes a convincingly moving report on the work of such organizations as the Lancaster Cleft Palate Clinic. There, and at similar institutions, children and adults made miserable and forced into helplessness by their inability to make themselves understood are not only fitted with the artificial palates they need. They are also given a start on the social and emotional rehabilitation they need to fit themselves in with their fellows.

There is also an exciting chapter, combining the fascination of scientific research with heroic ruggedness, on the work of the Rocky Mountain Laboratory of the United States Public Health Service at Hamilton, Montana, where trappers and hunters are as essential to progress as are physicians and biochemists. The three chapters on cancer emphasize the improved outlook for the patient.

The book lacks a unifying theme. Perhaps this was unavoidable, however, in a volume composed, as this one is, of pieces written months apart for separate publication.

—*By Countess Feo Gleichen.*

Axel Munthe—"extremely complex."

Doctor of Society

"The Story of Axel Munthe," by Gustaf Munthe and Gudrun Uexküll *(translated by Malcolm Munthe. E. P. Dutton. 217 pp. $3.75), is the biography of the physician-philosopher who became internationally famous a quarter of a century ago through his autobiography,* ***"The Story of San Michele"*** *(translated by Lord Sudley. E. P. Dutton. 534 pp. $5.00), now republished in a Silver Anniversary Edition. Our reviewer, Dr. Martin Gumpert, is the author of "Dunant, The Story of the Red Cross," and other volumes.*

By Martin Gumpert, M.D.

IT SEEMS strange that the author of the century's most successful autobiography should be the subject of a new biography. However, the occasion for "The Story of Axel Munthe," by Gustaf Munthe and Gudrun Uexküll, is the Silver Anniversary Edition of "The Story of San Michele" (the one-hundred-sixteenth printing in this country) with a fine introduction by George N. Shuster. Twenty-five years after the first publication of this remarkable book and five years after the death of its author, Gustaf Munthe (a cousin) and Gudrun Uexküll (a friend) have combined to give millions of admirers of Axel Munthe a kaleidoscopic view of this master of the art of healing. We find also a short introduction by Malcolm Munthe. "The only reason I have been asked to introduce this book," he writes, "is that Axel Munthe was my father. I hope this disclosure will not be a disappointment to that wide

(*Continued on page* 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Good Friend Abroad

Chester Bowles's "Ambassador's Report" *(Harper. 415 pp. $4), is the account of an important diplomatic mission to India and the Far East. It is reviewed below by William E. Stevenson, president of Oberlin College, who spent two months in India a year ago under State Department auspices.*

By William E. Stevenson

TODAY every thoughtful American is aware that the future of our civilization is henceforth interwoven with the destiny of the Far East. We now know how tragic was the loss of China as a friend and ally. We know, too, that we must try to help other Asian nations build successful free societies. This applies especially to India, the world's newest and largest democracy, a nation of 360 million people which seems destined for future greatness.

While not new, these things cannot be said too often. Quite recently in his book "The World and the West" Arnold Toynbee emphasized that the preservation of our partnership with the peoples of the Indian sub-continent is a "vital interest" of the Western peoples.

"Ambassador's Report," Chester Bowles's account of his mission to India, is a comprehensive and thoughtful analysis of basic Indian problems, including, where appropriate, helpful historical background. He answers many of the questions we have been asking, he clarifies points that require it, and he leaves the reader well briefed on the controversial issues in which India is involved. Throughout the book Mr. Bowles maintains a commendable objectivity which gives his observations value and conviction. His book is meaty and readable; it combines economics, history, geopolitics, and personal narrative in excellent balance. When it has been read, no longer should the Far East be so "mysterious" or its peoples so "inscrutable."

After a successful career in advertising and in various important government posts in Connecticut and Washington, Mr. Bowles served as ambassador to India and Nepal for eighteen months, beginning in October 1951. As a result of that experience overseas he believes "that the history of our time will hereafter be written largely in Asia," and, in order that America can "participate constructively in the unfolding of that history," he feels an obligation to share with the American people his observations made "at close hand in the capital of the world's largest democracy."

In addition to his unusual breadth of experience, Mr. Bowles took with him to the Far East a keen and alert mind, and an intense desire to succeed in his job for the good of his country and world peace. Because he had little interest in diplomatic convention and protocol of the old-fashioned striped-trouser school, the United States had in Mr. Bowles a new kind of ambassador, one who (along with his wife and three children) continued under all circumstances to be himself, without pretension. It was fortunate for the United States that the Bowles family represented us in India when they did, because their natural and simple way of life, their sincere interest in people, great or humble, and their instinctive friendliness endeared them to everyone they met. Thus, the effectiveness of the Bowles's diplomatic mission was greatly enhanced.

As was so apparent to this reviewer when he was in Asia a year ago, the new democracies of the East are in a hurry. Awakening late to the possibilities opened up by modern science and technology, they are now in the grip of what someone has called "the revolution of rising expectations." India found in Mr. Bowles a man who understands hurry, having crowded three careers into less than three decades, and who deeply believes in the ability of a free society to get things done.

THROUGHOUT the book one has the impression that Mr. Bowles saw his job not primarily in terms of power politics, but in the more fundamental terms of good human relations. He was not content to serve along traditional lines by merely presenting the views of the American Government to India and reporting home significant trends. He felt that it was essential for the future of the free world that India recognize the false promises of Communism and the boundless opportunities of a free way of life. He therefore broadened his official duties to include everything which would

THE AUTHOR: When, about a year ago, talk in Washington had it that the new Administration planned to replace Chester Bowles as ambassador to New Delhi the *Times of India* rushed an editorial into print.

It politely requested "a most welcome New Year's gift"—Bowles's retention. There were other editorial accolades, too. The gentleman who created all that journalistic commotion had arrived in India only eighteen months earlier, a move that had quite a few firsts about it: it was Bowles's first trip to Asia; he doubled as our first ambassador to Nepal; and it was his first job as a diplomat after a decade in public life in which he'd been OPA chief and Governor of Connecticut, among other things. (He'd spent the decade before that in advertising, co-proprietor of a Madison Avenue Goliath by the name of Benton and Bowles, Inc.)

Bowles's stay in India was distinguished by a kind of warm unorthodoxy that saw him borrow the Italian ambassador's striped pants so that he could be in uniform during his credential-presenting ceremony, enrol his children in the Delhi Public School (all tents), and even shake hands with his Indian servants. Eyebrows went up. Bowles, however, a stickler for overlooking protocol, kept right on making friends and influencing Asians, his tenure adding up to a splendid United States performance.

Nehru reportedly once remarked that Bowles not only was the ambassador of the United States but that he and his family were the ambassadors of the American people as well. In Essex, Connecticut, the other day Bowles, friendly, energetic, and fifty-two, said: "I came back from India with a feeling of how critical it is to avoid misunderstandings between the United States and Asia. The gap is growing, unfortunately. Time is running out in Asia." He is spending most of his time these days talking to the American people, appealing for "an enlightened, bipartisan Asian policy." —BERNARD KALB.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help India build itself into a great and successful new democracy. Such objectives necessarily involved Mr. Bowles in a multiplicity of duties and interests, from economic planning to effecting needed integration of our public-information program. His concept of the comprehensive nature of his job is disclosed in these words about his ambassadorship to Nepal: "I felt that I would be able to keep in close touch with developments there, work out a program which would convince the Government and people of Nepal of America's friendship, and assist them in their efforts to become a modern democracy."

The book throws light on many timely subjects, such as Nehru's "neutralism," India's attitude toward Red China, the Kashmir impasse, etc.

The book contains maps of the areas discussed by Mr. Bowles, and there is also a section of eight pages of interesting photographs. A comprehensive list of books which have been "particularly helpful" to the author is appended by way of "suggested reading."

IN THE latter part of the book Mr. Bowles describes visits which he and his family made to Burma, Indonesia, Malaya, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Formosa, Korea, and Japan on their way home to the United States. Based largely on these experiences, Mr. Bowles concludes his book with a Far Eastern "policy for Americans." While this section raises some significant questions, the subject-matter is too vast and the problems too complex to be very adequately dealt with in so short a space, even by as astute and thoughtful an observer as Mr. Bowles.

Hence, this section lacks the cogency of the main part of the book about India and Nepal on which he speaks so competently and authoritatively. Mr. Bowles does stress, among other points, the important fact that the U. S. "has only a very limited control over the course of events in Asia," and that we should realize that fact and not find fault with some American groups or individuals "when things have not worked out to our liking."

While many recent books have been written about or have touched upon India, no author has had a better background or greater competence to discuss that country than has Chester Bowles. "Ambassador's Report" not only affords its readers an extraordinary opportunity to increase their knowledge and understanding of the new India, but it offers, as well, a critical analysis of our efforts to win friends and allies abroad. This book is an important contribution to the history of our time.

Allah's Children Today

"The Arab World: Past, Present, and Future," by Nejla Izzeddin *(Henry Regnery. 412 pp. $6.50), is an interpretation, for English-speaking readers, of Arab traditions and aspirations by an American-trained Arab woman. R. Bayly Winder, who reviews it here, is a member of the Department of Oriental Languages and Literature at Princeton.*

By R. Bayly Winder

WITH World War II the average American began for the first time to be aware of the importance, or perhaps the existence, of the Arab World. And since about 1943 this new appetite has been fed by a number of books attempting to interpret that world. These represent a variety of types, ranging from informal reflections to careful analyses emphasizing foreign-policy considerations. Popular but sound historical surveys have also appeared. Most of these works are useful in helping one to evaluate the Arab world, but they all share one feature—they are not written by Arabs. In "The Arab World: Past, Present, and Future," her first literary venture into the contemporary scene, Nejla Izzeddin, a native of Lebanon, therefore offers us something different.

Prior to this book there has been only one work from an Arab pen which has effectively interpreted Arab aspirations to the reader of English, namely, George Antonius's "The Arab Awakening" (1939), which, though still persuasive, is limited in scope and now out of date. Miss Izzeddin's work, although not based on exhaustive research as was Antonius's and although different from his in that it covers more both geographically and chronologically, is the most impressive statement by any Arab since Antonius.

"The Arab World" devotes sixty pages to the cultural and environmental background in a generally sound if somewhat romanticized manner and forty pages to the period from 1800 to 1918. Here the emphasis is on the impact of the West, indigenous reform movements, and the events of World War I. The central part of the book (160 pages) is devoted to a survey of the various Arab countries and regions since 1918 and traces social and political evolution therein.

The last hundred pages pull the whole together with chapters on the modern Arab woman, on the prospects and problems of Arab unity, on great power interests and activities in the area, and finally on contemporary efforts by Arabs to rethink and reshape their future in the light of changes thrust upon them at midcentury.

SOME measure of the changes that have taken place can be seen in the fact that the author of "The Arab World" is a woman (Miss Izzeddin is a Vassar graduate and a Chicago Ph.D.). But beyond this fact her obvious enthusiasm for and pride in the progress that the independent Arab countries have made in education and social services, especially since the withdrawal of Western controls, is in itself revealing. Nor does she always spare her own, for she says: "Arab leadership . . . has been defective. And Arab leaders have shared with imperialism the blame for the ills which afflict Arab society." Many liberals may query her assertion that "the crucial issue for the Arabs at the present moment is not the form of government . . . , but the type of men responsible for the conduct of the state"; yet, for the moment at least,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is hard to argue that "parliamentary" Egypt under Farouk and Nahas was preferable to "dictatorial" Egypt under Naguib and Abd al-Nasir.

Dr. Izzeddin does, however, commit some sins. Like most of us, she tends to view her own world in a lighter shade of gray than outsiders might. The Gailani revolt in Iraq is skipped over hastily and, although the reviewer would admit that Iraq received more blame than she deserved for the Assyrian tragedy of 1933, still the Iraqi army deserves considerably stronger censure than it here receives.

"The Arab World" is a handy and readable guide to the contemporary Arab scene, and beyond that it gives the reader, who may or may not be sympathetic, a clear summary of the assumptions and aims of moderate Arab nationalists. These are particularly forceful because they are stated directly as, for instance: "It is necessary to state that, however Communist ideology might be opposed to the essence of the Arab heritage, the foremost Communist state, Soviet Russia, is not the bogey that the Western powers think it is or should be to the Arabs . . . The danger of Communist domination, however imminent, does not reconcile the Arabs to Western domination which is actual." Furthermore, Dr. Izzeddin once more makes clear where the main tent in the Arab show is: "The foremost reality . . . is this: there can be no stability in the Arab world, no sound development within Arab society, and no healthy relations between the Arabs and the West, until the *political* atmosphere is cleared . . . " Finally, let it be noted that the book ends on an optimistic note by suggesting that if both are true to the best in their heritages" East and West shall really and permanently meet."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HIC JACET

Epitaphs often tell as much about the poet as about the deceased whom they honor. Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, presents ten literary epitaphs for your identification, both author and subject. Seven correct answers rate you a simple headstone, eight a large monument, and nine or ten a whole mausoleum, all, of course, at your estate's expense. Answers on page 29.

1. Underneath this stone doth lie,
   As much beauty as could die.
2. Green be the turf above thee,
   Friend of my better days;
   None knew thee but to love thee
   Nor named thee but to praise.
3. Here lies our Sovereign Lord, the King,
   Whose word no man relies on,
   Who never said a foolish thing,
   Nor ever did a wise one.
4. He loved his country as no other man has loved her;
   but no man deserved less at her hands.
5. Here a solemne Fast we keepe,
   While all beauty lyes asleep
   Husht be all things; (no noyse here)
   But the toning of a teare:
   Or a sigh of such as bring
   Cowslips for her covering.
6. The snare of sleep held fast his struggling will.
   They found him—and he now may sleep his fill.
7. This be the verse you grave for me:
   Here he lies where he longed to be;
   Home is the sailor, home from sea,
   And the hunter home from the hill.
8. Warm summer sun shine kindly here;
   Warm southern wind blow softly here;
   Green sod above lie light, lie light—
   Good night, dear heart, good night, good night.
9. Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
   In my graves inside see what thou art now.
10. .....repose icy, qui, hardi des enfance,
    Detourna d'Helicon les muses en la France,
    Suivant le son du luth et les traits d'Apollon.

After the Polos

"China in the Sixteenth Century: The Journals of Matthew Ricci" *(translated by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J. Random House. 616 pp. $7.50), is the first English rendering of the diary, reports, and communications of the Jesuit priest who brought Christianity to China between 1583 and 1610. Here it is reviewed by Kenneth Scott Latourette, Sterling professor of missions and Oriental history in Yale University.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

MATTHEW RICCI is a notable figure. His was a stirring age. His life was set in the latter part of the two centuries of Spanish and Portuguese exploration and conquest which planted the flag of one or the other of those two kingdoms over much of the Western Hemisphere, along the coast of Africa, on the south and east shores of Asia, and on many of the islands which fringe the coast of Asia. The achievement was not only economic and political; it was also religious. In it missionaries had an outstanding share. Many of them penetrated regions reached by no other Europeans of their day. Theirs was a major part, in some countries the predominant part, in the impact of the Occident upon non-European peoples. Among them Ricci stands out as one of the half dozen most eminent pioneers.

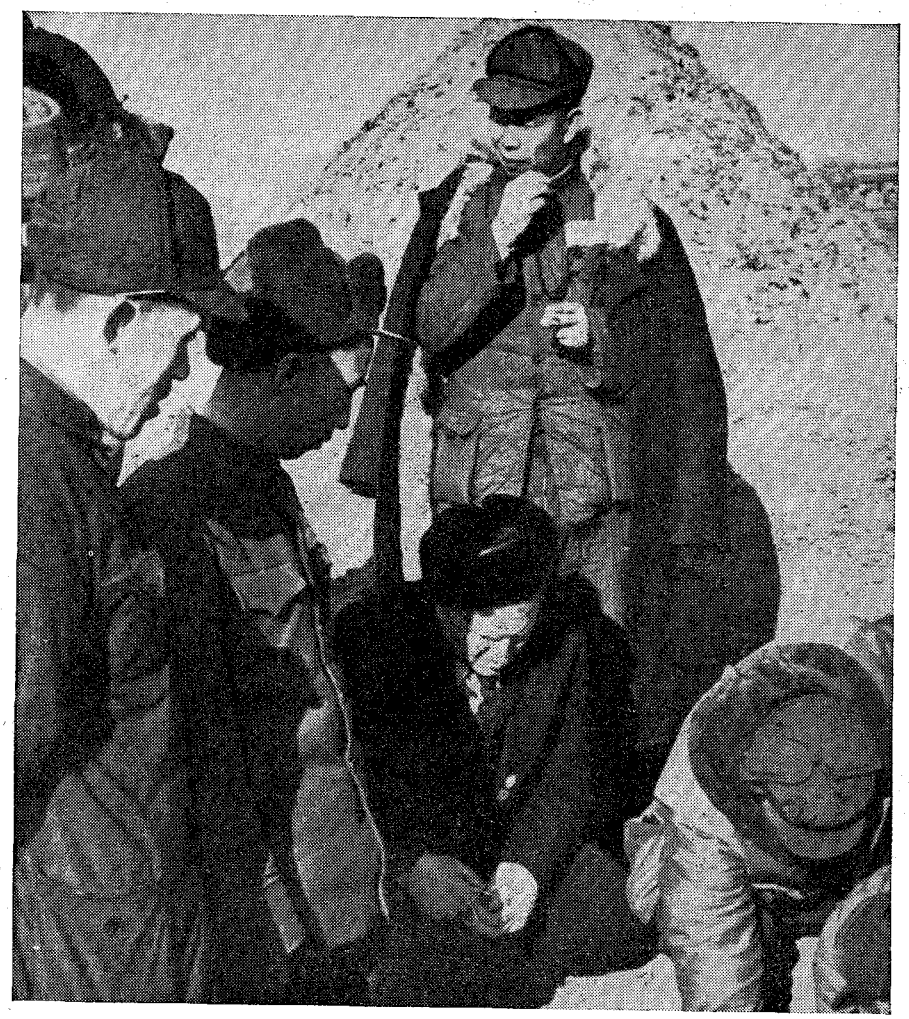
Ricci's achievements can be quickly even though inadequately summarized. Born in Italy in 1552, he was highly educated in the mathematics, cosmology, and astronomy of the day. In the enthusiasm of youth he was caught up in the Jesuit movement, then in its early heyday. As a member of the Society of Jesus he went to India and then, after a few years, to China. That Empire, proud of its power and culture, at that time confined its relations with the annoying aggressive Occident chiefly to the Portuguese toe hold at Macao, on an island near Canton. It was mainly Ricci who spearheaded the Western cultural penetration of China. Intent upon bringing China to the Catholic faith, he sought to do so through its dominant class, the Confucian scholars through whom the ranks of the civil officials were recruited. He appealed to their interest through mechanical instruments, notably clocks, and through mapmaking, mathematics, astronomy, and printed books which were clearly superior to anything which the Chinese had previously

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known. He gained their respect by adopting the garb of a Chinese scholar and acquiring an expert familiarity with the Chinese language and classics. Believing that Confucianism was an example of the acquisition of a knowledge of God through natural theology, and holding that the rites in honor of Confucius and the ancestors obligatory upon Chinese scholars were not necessarily idolatrous, he sought to accommodate the Catholic faith to Chinese civilization without sacrificing the essential convictions and practices of either. By successive steps through the good offices of officials whose confidence he had obtained by these methods, he eventually established himself in Peking. Before his death in 1610 he had won in that capital of the realm and in the imperial entourage a footing which the Jesuits held and at times enlarged until the suspension of their Society by the Pope more than a century and a half later.

It is this story of Ricci which is told in his own journals, fully translated into English for the first time by Louis J. Gallagher in "China in the Sixteenth Century." The journals were originally compiled from the diary, annual reports, communications to other missionaries, and the personal narrative of Ricci. The editor, Trigault, a fellow Jesuit missionary, added some material of his own and put the whole into a Latin edition which appeared in 1615. One of the earliest sources of information concerning China since Marco Polo, it quickly became popular in Europe and before the middle of the century later Latin editions and translations into several other languages appeared. It has an introductory sketch of the geography, physical resources, and culture of China and then goes on to give the history of the Jesuit mission to the death of Ricci and his burial in a plot given by the Emperor. One of the most interesting sections is the account of the heroic journey of the Jesuit lay brother Bento Goës from India overland to the northwest of China Proper. This demonstrated unmistakably what Ricci had come to believe, that China and the Cathay of Marco Polo and the Franciscan missionaries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the same country. Goës died before he reached Peking but not before a messenger from Ricci had made his way to him and he had been assured that the purpose of his long and arduous travels had been accomplished.

The usefulness of Father Gallagher's translation is enhanced by an index giving the most frequent modern romanization and the Chinese characters for the Chinese names.



—*Eastfoto.*

A Soviet engineer training a Chinese engineering group.

Octopus in the East

"Soviet Policy in the Far East," by Max Beloff *(Oxford University Press. 278 pp. $4), is a scholarly study of the USSR's relations with China and (more cursorily) Southeast Asia, Japan, and Korea, between 1944 and 1951. Our reviewer, Bertram D. Wolfe, is the author of a number of books on Russian history and policy.*

By Bertram D. Wolfe

THE reference shelves of all students of Soviet foreign policy are already indebted to Max Beloff of Oxford University for two solid, objective, and readable volumes dealing with that country's foreign relations from 1929 to 1941. Chronologically his next work should have dealt with the years of the Grand Alliance. But the sudden expansion of the Soviet Empire to include one-third of the population of the globe seems to call for specialization by area as well as period. Moreover, the major attention of the world is focused at this moment on Asia. Hence Mr. Beloff has preferred to skip the years of the European war and calls his new book "Soviet Foreign Policy in the Far East, 1944-51." Since the fate of mankind may well be decided by the joining of the teeming millions of Asia and the technology of the West, he could not have chosen a subject of more importance or one the true outlines of which are more obscured by passion and controversy.

One chapter of the present volume is contributed by J. Frankel, and deals with Soviet policy in Southeast Asia: Burma, Malaya, Indonesia, Vietnam, Thailand, the Philippines. Mr. Beloff has allotted one chapter to the Soviet Union and Japan, and one to Korea. The rest of the volume deals with China, relations with the Kuomintang, with the Communists, with the Civil War, with the "Peoples Republic,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and with the border lands, Manchuria, Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan or Sinkiang.

It is hard to extract balanced and documented truth from this troubled area of state secrecy, propaganda falsification, and one-sided polemical selection, but Mr. Beloff has done his best, and his best is good indeed. He has used official Soviet sources, Kuomintang and Chinese Communist sources, the American State Department white papers, memoirs, newspaper and radio accounts, studies by specialists in the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union, and books by journalists and special pleaders. These he plays against each other with considerable critical skill so that the truth emerges "dialectically" from a welter of contradictions.

Only in the chapter on Korea does he relax his guard for moments as when he one-sidedly and repeatedly refers to Syngman Rhee and his supporters as "strongly conservative" and when he takes the mere say-so of Mark Gayn that there were "many irregularities" in the South Korean elections.

BUT on the subject of China, which makes up the major theme of his book, he achieves a remarkable balance and objectivity. Yet his period includes Stalin's double-dealing with Chiang and Mao, the Yalta agreement, the Truman Administration's "lack of enthusiasm, owing to which no arms allocated under the China Aid Act of 1948 were actually shipped for eight months after its passage," an analysis of the fact that Roosevelt's "ready suspicions of British, French, and Dutch 'imperialism' were largely dormant where the Russians were concerned," Stalin's secretive arming of the Communists in Manchuria with Japanese arms while he was promising Chiang that the Japanese troops would surrender their arms to the Nationalist Government, and many other such troubled and troubling matters.

In a word, Mr. Beloff's book does not give the answers to the great controversies on Far Eastern policy which are still raging nor does it succeed in penetrating the veil of secrecy that surrounds so many matters in Chinese Communist-Soviet relations, but it does do a fine job of gathering together the available evidence and presenting it in usable form for the historian, the scholar, and the polemicist.

It is the kind of dispassionate and solidly documented book that we are accustomed to expect from the Royal Institute of International Affairs which sponsors its publication.

FICTION

—Jacket by Richard Powers, for "Not As a Stranger."

The Profession of Compassion

"Not As a Stranger," by Morton Thompson *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 948 pp. $4.75), is the story of Lucas Marsh, his training as a physician, his marriage, and his first years as a country practitioner.*

By Edmund Fuller

"NOT As a Stranger" is a work of beauty and power, possibly the finest novel about a doctor that this country has seen. This will not come as any surprise to those who remember "The Cry and the Covenant," Morton Thompson's distinguished novel about Semmelweis, in 1949. Yet unlike the earlier one, which was rooted in biography, "Not As a Stranger" is creative work from the whole cloth, a massive book certain of popularity and, I think, of long survival.

Of Lucas Marsh, born in the early 1900's, Mr. Thompson tells us, at the outset: "He was to be a doctor. No more is known." In medical school one of his professors sees the possibility that Luke is "that very rare thing, that solecism, an organism born with a single purpose, a single avenue of organic expression." The same man says to him, half plaintively, "You are always disturbed about something. One would think you had invented medicine."

In scope this book starts with Lucas's childhood and the details of the tortured, warped marriage from which he sprang. It carries him through medical school under anguishing difficulties. It shows him making a marriage that appears unpromising, that is wholly an expediency. And it carries him through several years of practice in a rural district.

This simple pattern is developed in remarkable depth and is probed at many different levels. Medicine is its background, but it is not a "medical" novel, it is a book of people, of loneliness, of obsessive dedication, of failure and success, life and death, pain and joy. Occasionally, especially in the first two hundred pages, there are falters, hesitations, flaws, but when it is in its stride it has a superb, surging, cleansing force—unforgettable, richly eloquent, charged with emotion and feeling.

Its study of a marriage is as good as anything recent fiction affords. The marriage of Lucas Marsh and Kristina Hedvigsen contains among its elements anguish and raw necessity, tension, partnership, cruelty, devotion, but, more than anything else, *purpose*, through which it achieves a kind of splendor.

SOCIALLY, Kristina is an awkward Swedish bumpkin. As head operating-room nurse, she is unobtrusively skilful. When she gives Lucas the money to pay his tuition—the money for which she half knows he has married her—she transmutes the latent ugli-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of the situation with her words: "You see what it's like to have a wife? Now you're not alone any more, eh? Now you know I'm with you!"

This novel is a hymn to medicine by a man who saw it clearly in all its aspects, dedication and corruption, mastery and incompetence, venality and sacrifice. It is a book brutally explicit about flesh and cell, yet insistent that man is more than flesh and cell. Through its pages walks a procession of doctors: Lucas Marsh; Dr. Runkleman; Dr. Snider, a specimen of the worst in medicine, yet complex; Dr. Castle; Dr. Aarons, and others. The spirit of the book is uttered in its last line, after 984 pages, several years of practice, and great crises of personal and professional integrity. It is then that Morton Thompson says of Lucas Marsh: "He picked up his bag and went out in the world and began the practice of Medicine."

Morton Thompson died shortly after finishing this novel. He knew that death might be imminent. He had been worried deeply as to whether this book had achieved what he had sought to do. He said he hoped he might have time enough to write a novel, long meditated, on St. Luke, the physician. The loss of Morton Thompson and of that unwritten novel is not to be measured. He has left two books that have the touch of greatness upon them. I cannot think of him without the last lines of the text from Job which he set at the front of this novel and from which he drew its title: "Yet shall I see God, Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold Him, and not as a stranger."

Rampart

By Katharine Day Little

ELM popular willow and bare oak
Sparse fringe to quiet river's brim,
Oak's frugal web of boughs revoke
Lush summer's spell—deep aisles grow dim

In Gothic lines fine as a fan
Trees reach up to Aldebaran.

Wrought frame of lace against the world
Frail rampart that holds back my pain,
My spirit tense behind you curled
(Oak willow) feels hope rise again.

Through languid hours intricate stark
Carved airs, bare boughs light up my dark.

The Years of Trouble

***"Cress Delehanty," by Jessamyn West** (Harcourt, Brace. 311 pp. $3.75), is a collection of stories about a girl's growing up, between the ages of twelve and sixteen, on a Southern California ranch.*

By Eleanor M. Scott

JESSAMYN WEST'S Cress Delahanty is adolescent, which is to say she is gawky, noisy, cruel, also loving and lovable. She is April and she is pathetic. Pathos is omnipresent in adolescence limiting an author's range at the same time as it tempts the critic to set aside his most stringent standards.

At its best the novel on adolescence carries overtones of some larger truth; thus in "Death of the Heart" Elizabeth Bowen's Portia Quayne speaks not only of a girl's betrayal through her need to love and to be loved but also of the rejection of the heart by our society in general. Or in Carson McCullers's work Mick, teen-age star of "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," represents the artistically gifted whose world has no use for such gifts. The searing intensity achieved by Mesdames Bowen and McCullers is rarely present in this work of Jessamyn West, where adolescent is presented for its own sake without a larger meaning having been attempted.

Yet "Cress Delahanty" is at least as good a collection of short stories as "Bernadine" was a play—to cite yet another recent study of adolescence. The two have in common warmth and ease. They are to be enjoyed. Jessamyn West writes—pen dipped in love—as though it were her own youth she recalled, ruefully and yet with humor.

The form her book takes is that of an interlocking series of short stories, set in Southern California, and having as their principal subject the only child of an intelligent, kindly, not quite middle-aged rancher and his wife. Ranch life offers Cress, more sensitive and articulate than average, immediacy to nature and sufficient loneliness for spiritual growth. Such isolation locks the family more closely together than it would be in an urban surrounding, and as we watch Cress develop, moving from a twelve-year-old to sixteen, it is her changing relationship with her family that supplies the continuing line, the central drama.

We see her withdraw from her parents into herself. From self-recognition she attempts to enter the world of her fellow teen-agers, and after many mistakes she achieves such integration. Now she may return to her family and she discovers that they are fellow human beings. She is almost mature. She is ready to return the love she has been so freely given.

But this occurs only after Cress has alternatively retreated before life into private worlds of the imagination, and charged recklessly upon it, only to stand dismayed amid the shattered pieces of a child's misconception of the adult world. Puppy love, pimples, crushes, depressions, and elations star her course. Evil manifests itself memorably in a lewd Bible-reading widower's sadistic behavior. Repeatedly the best stories are those in which Cress replaces a child's one-dimensional image of "a grown-up" with the living complex reality of a human being. And at their best these stories are very true and very good without ever attaining the highest distinction either in style or content.

But why is our culture so preoccupied with the adolescent? Is it because writers are incapable of drawing mature figures? Is it because adult life is so terrible that we avoid confronting it? Or is it because, having lost our way, we keep going over the ground trying to determine who we are by the discovery of who we were? One wonders how many more adolescent studies the traffic can bear.

—Kay Bell.

Jessamyn West—"why the adolescent?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guiana Adolescence

"The Life and Death of Sylvia," by Edgar Mittelholzer *(John Day. 316 pp. $4), is the story of the search of a virtuous half-caste girl for happiness amid the teeming, sordid life of British Guiana.*

By Harrison Smith

TURBULENT and exotic Georgetown, capital of British Guiana, is again the scene of Edgar Mittelholzer's latest novel. Sylvia Russell of his "Life and Death of Sylvia" is a small, imaginative girl, lacking the emotional stability to endure the repeated shocks to her sensitive nature dealt by her daily contact with the oversexed, hectic, and brutal life that flowed around her. She is like a fragile flower stifled by the coarse jungle growth of the tropics. Sylvia's father is an Englishman who had come to Georgetown to build a bridge for the Government; her mother is a strange mixture of Indian and Negro blood, and Sylvia grew up in a world of mingled whites, blacks, Eurasians, Asiatics, and primitive South American natives where violence, disease, and sudden death were endemic.

The cards were stacked against her from the beginning. She was naively in love with her handsome, adventurous, and incurably amorous father; and when she was fourteen asked him what the Oedipus complex meant. He was murdered one night with his latest conquest on the way to a fancy-dress ball, and her mother soon disintegrated into a state of torpor enlivened by fits of screaming rage. Her older friends were engaged in unsavory affairs. There was a brief time in her short life when she might have found security among the established set of the city's colored half-castes, who were almost as exclusive as the small group of whites who dominated the social life of the colony. An unfortunate evening when a boy friend spiked her Coca-Cola with rum put an end to that way of escape. He advised her to marry "a fellow of the colored middle class," if she could, and certainly to marry for love.

FOR a time the wretched girl thought she was in love with a Portuguese lad, but he did not want to make love to her until they were married. The war put an end to that and to a brief engagement with young Benson, whose father would not let him marry while he was still a minor. She loved her brother, who she thought would look like her father when he was grown up, but he too went off to sea. One by one every chance for happiness was taken from her.

Then came the final blow, poverty. As long as Sylvia could remember the family had lived in a comfortable house on the verge of respectability; but when her father died his affairs were in the hands of a dishonest lawyer who specialized in robbing widows. The house was sold, and the family income slowly vanished. Sylvia, untrained in any skill except dancing, had to go to work at any job she could find and at appallingly low wages. In some miraculous manner she had managed to maintain her virtue, but the sense of her inadequacy, of existing outside of the raging torrent of life and sex that surrounded her brought her to the point of despair. When young Benson's ship came into port she offered herself to him. The moment she had waited for and dreamed about was hers at last.

Then Benson suddenly said, "Let's take a walk," and abruptly ran away from her. And that was the end of Sylvia. Since there was nothing more to live for she fled, stumbled into a friend's sordid flat, and promptly died.

This relentless tale of a doomed and lost girl would be almost unendurable if Mr. Mittelholzer had not embellished it with the feverish lives of innumerable characters of every shade and accent known to the torrid corner of the world in which he has lived most of his life. The novel has a curiously fascinating vitality about it, though the reader may wonder what has become of the old saying that virtue is its own reward and may wonder why Sylvia could not have been granted some slight reward for her long search for unblemished happiness.

City on the Delta

"Fabulous Ancestor" by Donald Demarest *(J. B. Lippincott. 288 pp. $3.50), is the story of a year in a boy's life, a year which he spends in New Orleans in the home and in the company of his Creole great-grandmother, and through whose eyes he sees the city.*

By Robert Tallant

SONNY, aged ten years, has left his parents behind in the Philippines and come to live in the great and decaying house of his aristocratic New Orleans ancestors. Through Granny's nostalgic conversation, as well as that of other relatives, and through his personal observation and explorations, he comes in time to know almost everything there is to know about the old city. He mixes with rich and poor, proud and humble, idlers and tradespeople, whites and Negroes. He tours the Vieux Carré and the Garden District, visits restaurants, churches, buildings of historical interest, what his fabulous Granny describes as a "low dive," although she takes him there herself, and cemeteries. He participates in all the historic and traditional events on the New Orleans calendar—All Saints' Day visits to graveyards, New Orleans-style Christmas and New Year's, Mardi Gras, Lenten observances, and various Creole dinners, banquets and *soirées*. The summer he spends in Biloxi, where he learns about Gulf Coast amusements.

In his author's note Donald Demarest admits that he has taken liberties with fact and with myth. By his own report this is not a novel, nor is it non-fiction. Time has been deliberately, and this reviewer thinks admirably, set aside. Evidently part of this is autobiographical, some memories of stories heard. Some of it is a bit pastel, but to most of us our childhood memories are that; and, too, New Orleans is a place of muted colors. This book, states Mr. Demarest, is a legend, and he says he has striven to cleave only to his dreams. And so it should be accepted. If any reader objects to a New Orleans dream he will find that bookshop and library shelves groan like Creole dinner tables under the weight of books waxing factual about New Orleans.

Yet the book can also be accepted as a novel, and not too unhappily. Some of the characters are thinly drawn, although others (such as Tante Bébé) are marvelous; Granny does not quite deserve her adjective;

(*Continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These Distant Friendships

By HOUSTON PETERSON, *professor of philosophy at Rutgers University.*

IN DISCUSSING Montaigne's lifelong interest in Plutarch the aging Emerson said that "it is one of the felicities of literary history, the tie which inseparably couples these two names across fourteen centuries. . . . These distant friendships charm us, and honor all the parties, and make the best example of the universal citizenship and fraternity of the human mind."

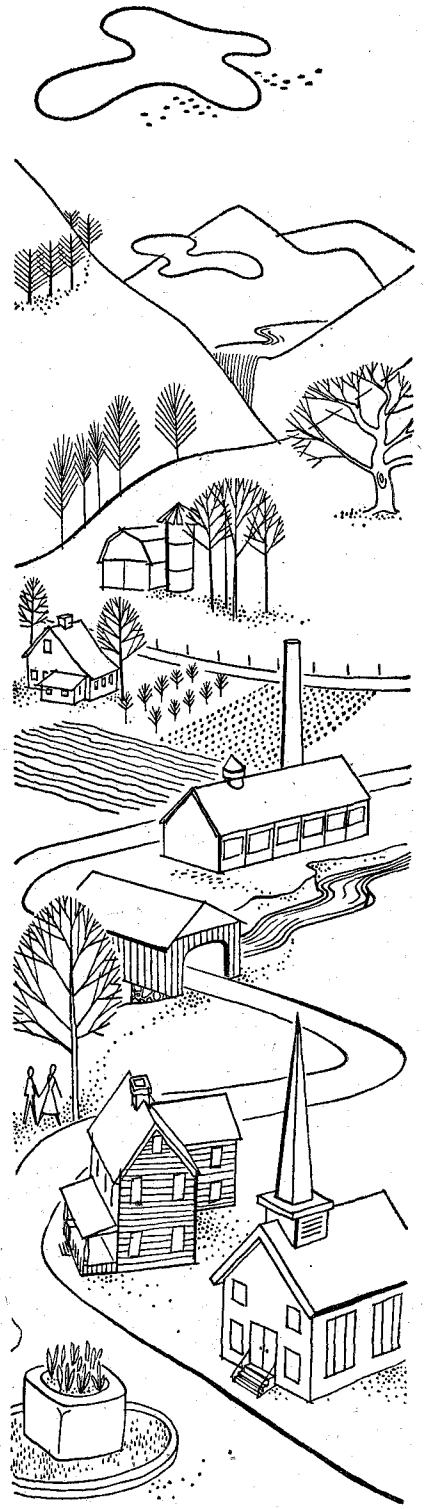
More than twenty such friendships were mentioned in "A Man of One Book" by that great master of literary anecdotage Isaac Disraeli. "It is to be feared," he remarked, "that if we do not form such a permanent attachment we may be acquiring knowledge while our enervated taste becomes less and less lively. Taste embalms the knowledge which otherwise cannot preserve itself. He who has long been intimate with one great author will always be found to be a formidable antagonist; he has saturated his mind with the excellencies of genius; he has shaped his faculties insensibly to himself by his model, and he is like a man who ever sleeps in armor, ready at a moment! The old Latin proverb reminds us of this fact, *Cave ab homine unius libri*: Be cautious of the man of one book!"

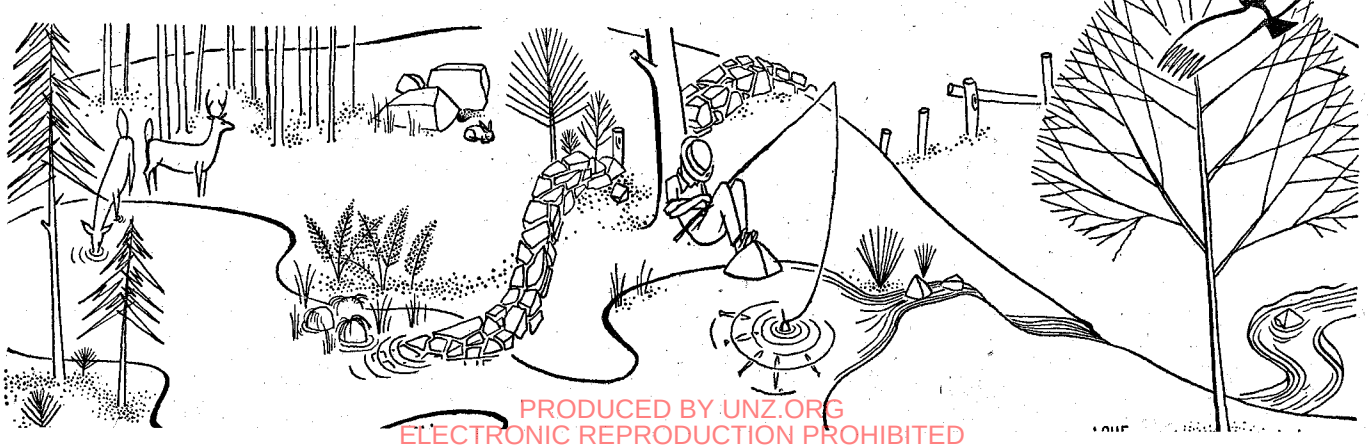
Disraeli recalled that Demosthenes copied out eight times the entire history of the Peloponnesian War by Thucydides, that Brutus returned again and again to Polybius's history of Rome, that Voltaire kept on his desk the "Athalie" of Racine and the "Petit Carême" (the little Lenten sermons) of Massillon, that the elder Pitt was steeped in the sermons of Isaac Barrow, and Montesquieu in the histories of Tacitus. For others Cicero, Plutarch, and Horace were the enduring companions. Leibniz, perhaps the last universal mind, never wearied of Virgil or of John Barclay's political romance in Latin, "Argenis," his model for prose. "When he was found dead in his chair the 'Argenis' had fallen from his hands."

In "The Anatomy of Bibliomania" by Holbrook Jackson, a latter-day Isaac Disraeli, there are hundreds of noble examples of "bookfellowship" with special reference to "single book devotees." For innumerable readers the Bible has remained the book of books, followed only by Shakespeare. But, whatever the supreme choice, "preferences are no bar to further adventures," Jackson reminds us in another bubbling chapter. The intimate circle may be widened without being shattered. The original preference may be enriched by genial competition. But there is limit to such wanderings. There is no real adventure in a pallid promiscuity. There is no splendor by drowning in "the remorseless cataract of daily literature," to use Frederick Harrison's phrase of some sixty years ago. A single author or book brings unity and continuity to the mind, brings strength and the inestimable blessings of friendship. If there were more such firm friendships, pulling us out of our trivial troubles, psychiatrists would have fewer patients.

The incorrigible reader of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" can now extend his delights to the accumulating "Journals." For those to whom Alexis de Tocqueville is only a name, but an increasingly great name, there waits what may well be the best book ever written on democracy and the best book ever written about Amer-

(*Continued on page* 41)





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON

Nagasaki's Magic Mountain

FUMIKO NARAHARA is a seamstress in Nagasaki. When the bomb fell eight years ago she had just turned fifteen. She is alive today because of Nagasaki's magic mountain. And so are at least seventy-five thousand of her fellow citizens who happened to be on the right side of the mountain on August 9, 1945.

It isn't much of a mountain. More precisely, it is a ridge, a high and uneven lump of land jutting into the heart of the city. The ridge falls away quickly where it approaches the sea. A road skirts the shore and connects a network of streets on both sides of the mountain. The far or Urakami side of the mountain is where most of the heavy industry used to be located. It is also a densely populated area. For the people of Nagasaki today all life is reckoned according to the side of the mountain you were on when the bomb fell. The bomb fell low enough for the mountain to contain the radioactive ball of fire to the Urakami valley. If you were on the right side of the mountain you felt the shock—but you lived.

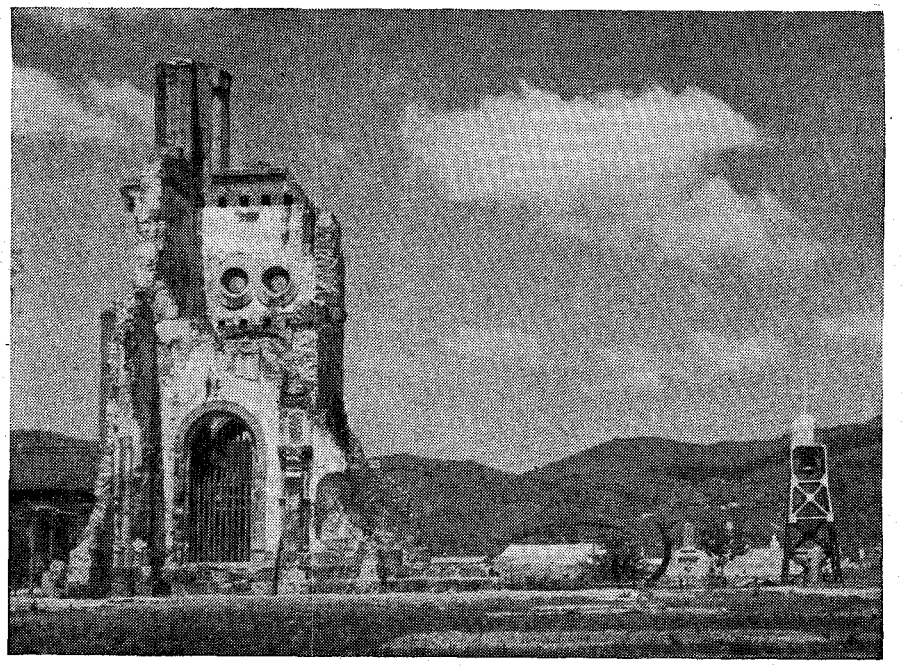
On the morning of August 9, 1945, Fumiko Narahara was at the home of her aunt on the right side of the mountain. The aunt had been ill and Fumiko's mother had sent the girl to care for her. Fumiko's mother was unable to come because she was employed. Fumiko's father worked at the iron smelting plant on the wrong side of the mountain, where the Narahara home was also located.

At two minutes past eleven the explosion occurred. The aunt's home shook at the impact and the windows were smashed. But the house itself remained erect; it was not touched by the ball of fire that mushroomed through the Urakami valley, consuming seventy thousand lives and severely burning fifty thousand others. When Fumiko rushed outside her aunt's home she saw that the houses nearby were all right; but beyond the mountain the city was a vast furnace. The Narahara home was inside the furnace. So was the weaver's shop where her mother worked. So was the foundry where her father worked.

Fumiko was one of many thousands of survivors who experienced the agonizing wait of endless days on the fringe of the furnace until the fires died down. When, finally, she was able to go around the mountain she took the road skirting the shore and passed the foundry, now a charred skeleton. But the road ended at about that point. Beyond that were no streets, no landmarks, no homes. There was not even a city. There were only acres of smoking black rubble. Except for a vague idea where her home had been Fumiko had no way of identifying the site. The bodies of her mother, father, and two smaller brothers were not recovered from any of the ruins.

FOR the first few years after the bomb Fumiko lived with a deep sense of guilt for having survived. She says now that whenever she took the shore road to Urakami in the early days she hated herself for not having been in Urakami with the others. This feeling was not hers alone. There were many who had homes on the far side of the mountain but who were outside the valley on the day of the bomb, leaving their wives or husbands or children behind. Like Fumiko, they felt cut off from their real selves, unable to understand why they should have been spared. But with the passing of the years the guilt feeling has tended to lose its heaviness, returning only now and then when something special happens, like a medical examination by doctors assigned to study the effects of the bombing, or a propaganda movie put out by people who are trying to stir up passions against America.

Fumiko says she no longer hates the mountain for having spared her. She no longer cringes when she hears people refer to the mountain as a blessing. For she knows the good the magic mountain has done for Nagasaki. Unlike Hiroshima, which suffered



". . . once the largest Catholic cathedral in the Orient."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

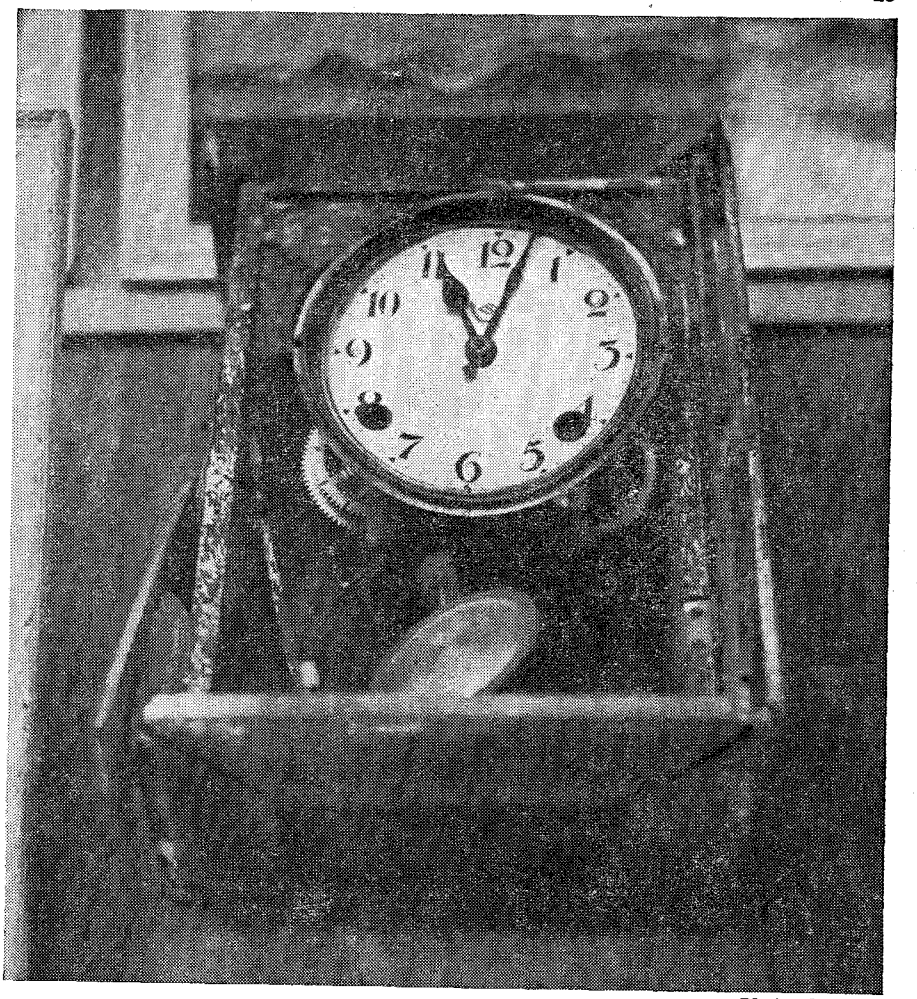
almost total devastation within one mile of the center of the bomb and severe fire damage beyond that, Nagasaki's death toll and damage was largely confined to one section of the city. Consequently, in the emergency period after the bomb the city could mobilize some of its own medical and hospital facilities from the undamaged part that remained. And, though the bomb was a more powerful type than the one that fell on Hiroshima, there were fewer casualties, thanks not only to the magic mountain but to the early care of many of the victims.

TODAY the Urakami valley of Nagasaki has been almost completely rebuilt. Some of the scars remain. The old iron and steel works is still in its charred skeletal state. And on the beginning of the ridge, only a few hundred yards from the center of the explosion, is the empty shell of the Church of Urakami, once the largest Catholic cathedral in the Orient, with a capacity of almost 9,000. A temporary church has been built alongside the old one; there is the hope that someday soon the means may be forthcoming to put up a new cathedral every bit as magnificent as the old.

At what is believed to be the center of the explosion a memorial park has been laid out, with a high tower in the center and appropriate exhibits at various spots, such as a crumpled steel girder or slate that had melted and fused again. A small museum facing the tower contains some notable mementoes of the bombing, such as a grandfather's clock that was stopped by the bomb at exactly two minutes past eleven. The clock was in a home at the end of the valley some six miles from the center of the explosion. The city plans to erect a large cultural center around a mammoth statue dedicated to the peace, on the present site of the memorial. This, too, awaits necessary funds.

When completed the cultural center will have appropriate exhibits on the history of the city. For Nagasaki is perhaps Japan's most significant historical community. Three hundred years before Commodore Perry "opened up" Japan Nagasaki had become the doorway to Western civilization. Through it Portuguese traders had passed as early as 1571. Twenty years earlier St. Francis Xavier had established Catholic churches in the Nagasaki prefecture. Today the Nagasaki diocese is the largest in Japan, accounting for 60 per cent of the nation's Catholic population.

If Nagasaki was the doorway for European medicine, botany, natural history, astronomy, and mathematics, it served a similar purpose for Chinese culture. Nagasaki is situated on the westernmost point of Japan in relation to China. For many centuries the city has had a large Chinese community, with its Buddhist shrines and Confucian temple.



—*Photos by N.C.*

When the clock stopped in Nagasaki. A grandfather's clock on a wall six miles from the center of the explosion.

The proximity of Nagasaki to China resulted in the capture a year ago of about 200 Japanese fisherman by Chinese naval patrols in the East China Sea. In the last few years Japan and China have had considerable difficulty in working out agreements on fishing limits. One reason for this apparently was that China's idea concerning its own limits seemed to grow year by year. Its armed patrols would simply chase the unarmed Japanese boats back towards Nagasaki or would take them into custody and put the fishermen into detention camps. At the time of my visit to Nagasaki early last fall the city was in a state of high excitement because a large number of Japanese fishermen had been released by the Chinese and had just returned to their homes in Nagasaki. I tried to get to see them, but they sent back word that they were not supposed to talk about their experiences.

Thus, Nagasaki presents the contrast of a city saturated with history yet completely part of the tempo and woes of the current world. It has pioneered in everything the West has had to offer, all the way from fine art to explosive plutonium. It prides itself on being the scene of the original Madame Butterfly story; the home of Thomas Glover is still preserved. But the big things that are identified with the West—like the giant shipyards and the iron and steel works—are now empty shells. No wonder the people of Nagasaki don't find it easy to see their city—its past and its present—in full focus.

There are still some inner scars. As more and more is known about the period immediately preceding the end of the war the feeling has grown that the bomb may not have been as essential to ending the war as at first was widely believed. The memoirs of Secretary Stimson, Secretary Forrestal, and General Eisenhower have thrown a new light on the decision to drop the bomb. On August 9, three days after the Hiroshima bomb, there was no doubt about the fact that Japan would surrender. The only doubt concerned the circumstances of the surrender. America wanted no discussion about terms or anything

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

else. We wanted absolute surrender and we wanted it within a matter of hours, and the bomb of Nagasaki was designed to achieve just that, which it did.

BUT today, as we prod Japan to become a mighty military nation again, there are people in Nagasaki who cannot convince themselves that seventy thousand of their number died because there was a good reason for it, or because there was no other way. At a college not very far from the new memorial park a young instructor put it to me succinctly during a small open forum following my talk.

"History now knows," he said, "that Japan asked for peace terms even before Hiroshima was bombed. And history knows that Japan was certainly ready to surrender after Hiroshima. But the Americans were afraid perhaps that Japan would not want to give up as much as you wanted her to give up in defeat. So you used the atomic bomb for the second time on Nagasaki and you got what you wanted. You said that what you wanted was a Japan which would completely destroy its military machine and the spirit of militarism and nationalism which built it. We agreed. You tore down our armaments plants, and you dumped all our munitions and weapons into the sea, and you put our military leaders in jail, and you wrote new textbooks for us in which you denounced militarism and war, and you helped us to write a new Constitution in which we said we would never arm or fight again.

"But now you are telling us that it was all a big mistake. You tell us that it was a mistake to get rid of the military machine, a mistake to say all those terrible things about our militarists and nationalists, a mistake to have written that clause in our Constitution against war and the means of war.

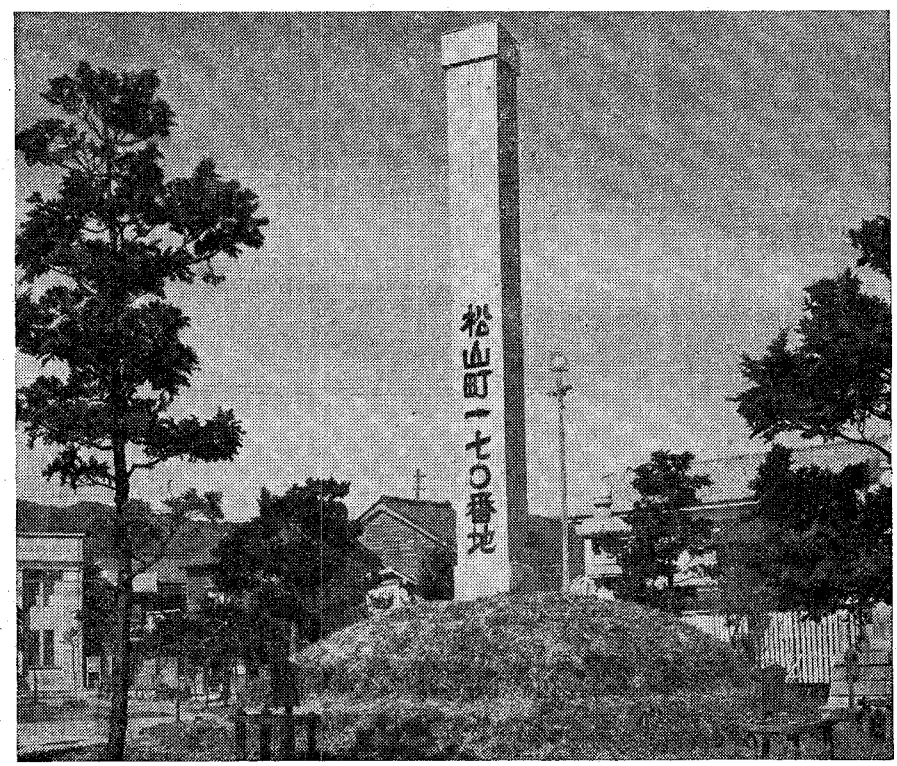
"Very well. If we are to believe you now what are we to think of the bombing of Nagasaki and the seventy thousand who died here? If the reason for your bombing of Nagasaki was to get Japan to agree to do the very things you now say was a mistake, then that can only mean that you acknowledge that the bombing of Nagasaki was a mistake, too. And a mistake such as this is not something that passes easily. We are talking now about an atomic explosion over a living city and about what happened to the people who are inside it. Some people say that one way to die is as bad as another, and that death by atomic bomb is no worse than death by any other means. But what about the people who were not quite killed? We had many thousands of them, people with atomic disease who died very slowly over a long period of time. We had thousands of children with new kinds of scars and burns that have not yet been treated adequately—even now, eight years after the bomb. Should I say to them that your policy about Japan has now changed, that the bomb wasn't really necessary after all, and that therefore there is no real reason for their burns?

"I am no Communist, although there are many Communists who hate America and are doing everything possible to make you look ridiculous because you don't seem to know what you want in the world or where you're going. I don't side with the Communists, because where they say they are going is all wrong, and it will be a bad thing for Japan if we become a totalitarian nation again, whether Communist or militarist. But it is true that you can't expect people to follow America when you make so many big mistakes. How do we know that what you are telling us now will not turn out to be another mistake that you will admit a few years from now after even more damage is done?

"When you go back to America I wish you would tell the American people that it's not what the Communists are saying about you that is what is really hurting you. The main thing that is hurting you is that you never sit still long enough to think deeply before you do something. You change from day to day, and no one on the outside ever really knows who speaks for your country. We know that at heart you are all right but we aren't sure you know enough about the people outside America whom you expect to follow you. You have so much power and so little purpose. We'd like to follow you but it's not easy when you make so many strange turns and when you seem to be more afraid of yourself than of the power you identify as your enemy.

"You have probably visited the office of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission in Nagasaki, where American doctors examine Japanese who survived the explosion. They are wonderful men, these doctors, and they have made many friends among the Japanese people, for they have done things as individuals which their official jobs try to discourage them from doing. I am talking about the fact that these doctors are not officially able to do anything but examine the people here. They are not allowed to treat the Japanese they examine, by American law. But as individuals they have done a great deal to help us and we are grateful to the United States for sending them.

"But what puzzles many Japanese every time we pass the ABCC is this: now that America knows all the terrible things that happen to people during an atomic explosion, what new ideas do you have to do away with atomic explosions altogether—on us, on you, or on anyone else?" —N.C.



The explosion marker—"the doorway for European . . . and Chinese culture."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COUNTERACTION

I FULLY ENJOYED the report on "Industry and the Liberal Arts" [*SR* Nov. 21]. A steady decline in liberal arts graduates has been apparent. And the college student who concentrates on technical courses in order to obtain a good job is deficient in the knowledge of the liberal arts. I have a suggestion that will counteract this deficiency.

Most large companies of today are running technical courses for their employes on company time. This is done to keep the personnel up to date in their respective scientific fields. Why not a discussion group, for the technical man, based on a modified version of the Great Books? This will aid in understanding the basic important ideas. . . .

It should be apparent to management that a non-technical discussion on company time will reap many benefits for the corporation. (1) It will provide them with this future source of manpower—an employe with a background which will enable him to cope with problems of planning level. (2) Employer-employe relationship will improve when the latter perceives the company is giving him the time and advantage to educate himself. (3) Discussions of this type will benefit the employe psychologically, giving him the opportunity to air his opinions with coworkers on a nontechnical basis. (4) Providing them with ideas under open discussion will bring the employes into a closer-knit group. (5) By the education of man as a man education of the citizen will follow. (6) Encouragement of the "trainee" to further his own ends in liberal education.

The above is a rough idea of something that has been on my mind for years, something I would very much like to participate in during my lifetime. I would appreciate any comments from any source.

JAY R. PERRIN.

Buffalo, N.Y.

NOT ON THE HOUSE

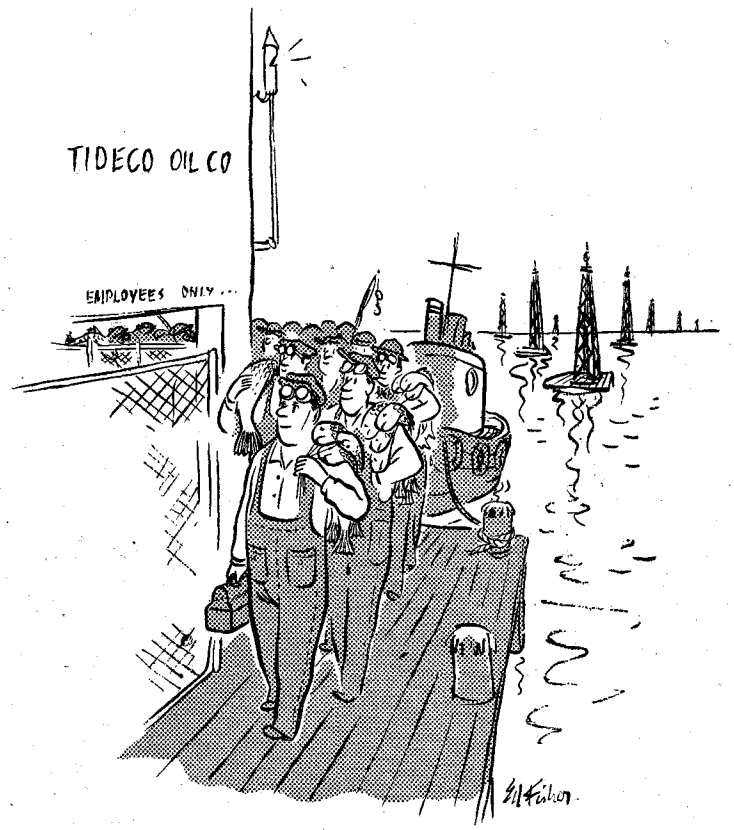
I WISH TO OFFER EVIDENCE to substantiate William Whyte's charges that a "rationalization of conformity . . . almost akin to a religion" is springing up in all departments of life.

Extensive job hunting and the attendant interviews and personality and vocational tests given have made one point very clear to me. The majority of employers have a mania for hiring people who "like people" or else who can sublimate any misanthropic tendencies they may have in order to "get along with people" in the organization. I have been asked these two questions: "Do you like people" or "How do you get along with people" when applying for positions which did not involve cooperation with other people in the organization for successful fulfillment of the job requirements.

One employer went so far as to evaluate my capabilities as a drinking companion for his late afternoon visits to a taproom at a convenient distance from the plant. The person who thought up such a unique means of gauging the man's potential managerial ability was none other than the general manager of one of the largest branch bakeries of the largest biscuit company in the country. This experience had a humorous twist to it—I had to pay for my own drinks. Incidentally, I was offered the job, that of a junior executive, but my ability to consume alcohol was not so great that I might advance myself far enough in that organization.

RICHARD HELDER.

Philadelphia, Pa.



SELLING SHORT

THE SYMPOSIUM on the liberal arts and industry raises the question of the purpose of nontechnical college training. Carter Davidson's efforts at "selling" a college education are especially provocative. His defensive monologue with "Mr. Executive" seemed to be reaching for the immediate, obvious, so-called practical values and missing the more useful contribution that college has to offer. Has not Mr. Davidson, by the implication of his omissions, sold the businessman short?

The prime value to business of a college education is what could be described as the acquisition of a perspective of change. Liberal arts colleges that have not overburdened their curricula with vocationalism emphasize three basic questions in a very general way. These are (1) Where are we now? (2) How did we get here? (3) What does the future seem to hold?

These questions cannot be answered completely. But there is the hope that the individual student will develop a *modus operandi* with which he can adapt successfully to our changing times. He has had the opportunity to find firm anchorage in the substance of the past, an awareness of the present, and an anticipation for the future. The value of such people to business and society at large seems obvious.

ROBERT L. MILLER.

Chicago, Ill.

TORTOISE AND HARE

A FRIEND OF MINE, an engineer, says that for the first ten years out of college the strictly technically trained man outdistances the liberal arts major, but after that the liberal arts man passes on ahead and outdistances the narrowly trained technology graduate.

OTIS MOORE.

New York, N.Y.

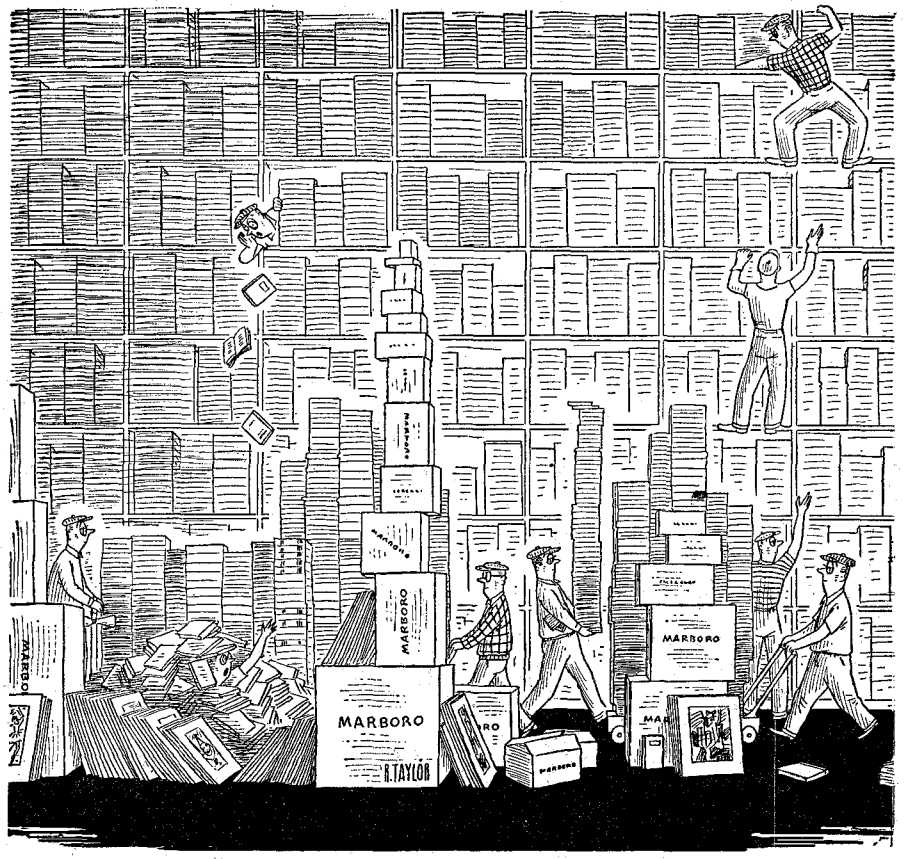
LONGEST WORDS?

BOOKMARKS asks if there are any five- or six-letter words made up of only two letters [*SR* Dec. 5]. I hereby submit two five-letter words: arara (a macaw), and anana (a pineapple).

HELEN A. CHOATE.

Northampton, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Help us clean house!

Help yourself to tremendous savings!

marboro's SALE

ANNUAL WAREHOUSE CLEARANCE

ORDER YOUR **BOOKS** AND **PRINTS** BY MAIL

marboro book shops Dept. S-41, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.
Please send me, postage prepaid, the items circled below:
☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ Charge my account

2 3 4 5 6 7 11 14 15 17 18 20 21 25
26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 35 38 39 40 42 43
45 46 47 48 51 52 53
A 1 A 2 A 3 A 4 A 5 A 6 A 7 A 8 A 9 A10 A11 A12 A13 A14
A15 A16 A17 A20 A21 A22 A29 A32 A38 A39 A41 A42 A44.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

New York City residents add 3% city sales tax. A few cents extra for C. O. D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U. S. A. and possessions.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return item purchased within 10 days and money will be refunded.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY—VISIT THE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED MARBORO BOOK SHOPS

47 West 42nd Street (near Stern's) | **8 East 59th Street (off Fifth Avenue)** | **144 West 57th Street (near Carnegie Hall)**

52. THE MARQUIS DE SADE.
A study by Simone de Beauvoir. In addition to Mme. de Beauvoir's acute analysis of the philosophy of Sade in her brilliant essay "Must We Burn Sade?", this volume offers a large choice of selections from his writings. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7. THE HOLY SINNER.
A novel by Thomas Mann. This is perhaps Mann's most fascinating story—an elaborate retelling of the legend of the birth of Pope Gregory. Book-of-the-Month Club selection. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

3. MY THEATER.
By Andre Gide. An expert translation from the French by Jackson Mathews. This brilliant collection includes two of Gide's Biblical plays, three of his classical dramas, and his brilliant essay, "The Evolution of the Theater." *Pub. at $4.00* *Only* **1.98**

20. THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.
By Anthony Trollope. His most satirical novel, in which he pays his discourteous respects to London's political and literary life. Handsome, readable new edition. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.49**

18. LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS.
By T. Harry Williams. Fascinating, dramatic story of Abraham Lincoln and the men he entrusted to win the Civil War. Revealing highlights of Sherman, Grant, McClellan, Fremont, and others. Book-of-the-Month selection. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

35. FRA ANGELICO.
By Germain Bazin. Monumental collection of the works of the Italian Renaissance painter, Fra Angelico. The editor, Germain Bazin, discusses the artist and his work in an interesting and enlightening text. Printed in France, this fabulous 9½" by 12½" volume contains 180 magnificent reproductions, including 16 tipped-in-color plates and 164 black and white plates in rotogravure. Cloth bound. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **4.88**

30. GREAT SYSTEMS OF YOGA.
By Professor Ernest Wood. Practical guide to Yoga as an aid to modern living. Explains how to accomplish increased power and faculty, poise, conservation of energy and how to reach the deeper layers of consciousness, which most people never experience. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.98**

31. THE PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHOTHERAPY OF OTTO RANK.
By Fay B. Karpf. Timely and authoritative introduction to the theory and therapy of Otto Rank, his relation to Freud, Jung, and Adler and to various deviant developments in modern psychotherapy. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.98**

A21. PICASSO—FOUR DRAWINGS.
4 masterly line drawings by Picasso, two of young men, two allegorical. 17" x 22", on fine quality heavy stock. All four drawings, *pub. at $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

48. NEW DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.
By Michael Martin and Leonard Gelber. This ready reference volume enables the teacher, scholar, student and layman to pin point quickly the name, place, event, catch-phrase, of any item in the more than 4,000 entries. Over 700 pages. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Special* **4.88**

42. THE WORLD'S BEST.
Ed. by Whit Burnett. 1216 pages of selections chosen from their own writings by 105 of the world's greatest living authors. Includes William Faulkner, Bertrand Russell, Winston Churchill, Nehru, Arthur Koestler, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway . . . and many others. *Orig. pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

A39. PICASSO: WOMAN IN GREEN.
Giant-size silk-screen reproduction of one of Picasso's most provocative paintings. The vivid colors of this abstract design (combining a woman's head with a sphinx-like body) could only have been reproduced by the famed silk-screen process. 20" wide x 24" high. *Pub. at $12.00.* *Now Only* **2.98**

A15. OLD NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES.
Delightful set of four of H. C. Wolcott's picturesque scenes of historic New England towns. These 15¾" wde x 9¾" high full-color reproductions are heavily varnished to enrich and retain the feeling of Wolcott's original oil paintings. Wonderful for framing. *All four pub. at $6.00.* *Entire set, only* **1.00**

A22. PICASSO SILK SCREEN PRINTS.
Four of Picasso's modern masterpieces, reproduced with startling authenticity in glowing full-color. Only the silk-screen process could do justice to the varied color tones of these celebrated abstract paintings. Each silk-screen is on heavyweight 13" x 9" stock. *Pub. at $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

A42. BRAQUE SILK-SCREEN: Zelos & Nike.
Braque uses pure abstract line to depict Zelos, the Greek mythical god of Rivalry, and his sister Nike, the goddess of Victory. This modern masterpiece has been reproduced in black & white on an 11" wide x 25" high sheet by the inimitable silk-screen process. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

A41. BRAQUE SILK-SCREEN: Hercules.
Braque's new concept of lithographic art—pure white line against a background of black and gray—here used to show Hercules standing with his gigantic frame enmeshed in the coils and torments of the world. To capture all of its stark strength, this painting is superbly reproduced by the silk-screen process. 20" high x 12" wide. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

11. BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
A passionate, witty and outspoken record of a remarkable friendship between the intellectual giant and a great actress—as revealed in an exciting collection of letters. Edited by Alan Dent. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

45. THE SMITHSONIAN SERIES: 12 VOLUME SET.
Charles Greeley Abbot, Editor-in-Chief. 1,800 illustrations—many in color. Authorized and prepared by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. A great treasury of man's knowledge and achievement, comprehensively covering such subjects as Minerals, Insects, Birds and Beasts, Great Inventions, Fishes, Amphibians and Reptiles, Shelled Creatures and Geological History, Wild Animals, Plant Lore, North American Indians, etc. Handsome, durable red library binding. *Pub. at $100.00.*
Complete 12-Volume Set Only **24.88**

39. BOSWELL'S COLUMN.
For six years, beginning in 1777, Boswell wrote a column for the "London Magazine." Printed here in one volume, these seventy papers reveal Boswell's sparkling comments on such subjects as Fear, Conscience, Truth, Drinking, Marriage, Religion, etc. Illustrated. Introduction and notes by Margery Bailey. *Pub. at $5.00.*
Only **1.98**

38. WORLD BOOK OF MODERN BALLET.
By John Martin, dance critic of the *New York Times.* America's leading authority presents an informative and entertaining commentary on all the principal ballets, ballet companies, dancers, choreographers, and movements that have made ballet one of the notable arts of our time. The refreshingly critical text is complemented by 160 superb photographs, many in color, of outstanding dancers from Markova and Danilova to Fonteyn and Kaye. *Pub. at $6.00.*
Now only **2.98**

51. NOBLE ESSENCES.
By Sir Osbert Sitwell. The 5th and final volume of one of the richest and most versatile biographies of our time. Sir Osbert delineates an era and himself through people of exceptional talent, wit and genius: writers and artists dear to him in England's golden day. *Pub. at $4.50.*
Only **1.00**

43. GALLERY OF AMERICAN DOGS.
By Harry Miller. One of the most complete and beautiful dog books ever published. 120 breeds fully described. Illustrated with drawings, and pictured in 120 full-page head-study portrait photographs! A collector's item for every dog lover. *Pub. at $5.95.*
1.98

A16. DEGAS BALLET DANCERS.
With startling authenticity, these 10 superb reproductions capture all the poetic imagination and delicate understanding of Degas' prized ballet sketches. Each plate measures a full 17" x 13" . . . each is printed on a color-tinted paper individually chosen for the particular subject. Frame them for your home—you'll find no finer portrayal of the ballet's rare grace and beauty. *Pub. at $7.50.*
Only **2.98**

47. WISDOM OF THE TALMUD.
By Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser. A large annotated cross-section of one of the great cultural treasures of mankind—available in English for the first time. Includes the choicest material in Talmudic literature. *Pub. at $3.75.*
Now only **1.98**

A17. MARC CHAGALL: TWO LOVERS.
Composed in varying subtle tones of brown and red, this brilliantly executed silk-screen depicts the moon, the lovers, the touch of flowers that are the prime elements of Chagall's genius. 19½" wide x 24" high. *Pub. at $12.00.*
Only **2.98**

46. EXISTENTIALISM.
By Jean Paul Sartre. Here is the heart of Sartre's philosophy—that man is personally responsible for what he does—that there are no values external to man—that n an may therefore choose different values. *Pub. at $2.75.*
Now only **1.00**

A20. MATISSE—FOUR DRAWINGS.
4 splendid reproductions of line drawings of women by the modern master. 17" x 22", on fine quality heavy stock. All four drawings, *pub. at $12.00.*
Only **2.98**

A32. BIRDS OF PARADISE.
From engravings executed by Wolf & Smit in 1847. These vivid full-color paintings of exquisitely colored birds of paradise are prized by collectors the world over. The "Paradisea Apoda" and "Paradisea Minor" are shown here in magnificent, giant size 16" wide x 20" high prints that do full justice to their incredibly beautiful plumage. *Pub. at $15.00.*
Both prints only **1.98**

26. PICTORIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FISHING AND TACKLE.
By 30 famous experts. The book which sporting and professional fishermen have needed for a long time. 532 pages devoted to Fresh-water and Salt-water Game Fishes, Fishing Equipment and Methods, Where to Fish, When and How to Fish, and Craft for Fishing. Four full-color pictures of spoons, spinners, plugs, and flies. Answers any question posed by novice or expert including definitions of terms. Handsome 8" x 11" volume. Profusely illustrated.
Only **3.88**

29. THE SATURDAY BOOK (No. 11)
Edited by Leonard Russell. Much praised British annual of English life and literature. 28 articles by important writers on roses, London pageantry, sports and a variety of colorful subjects. More than 100 pages of drawings and photographs (26 of them in full-color). *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

40. THE MIND IN ACTION.
By Eric Berne, M.D. Easily understandable layman's guide to psychiatry . . . like having one's questions answered by a wise and kindly doctor. Answers such questions as: What is the brain for? When does sex begin? Why do people dream? What causes neurosis? And much more. *Orig. pub. at $3.50.*
Now only **1.00**

A38. DEGAS NUDES.
A portfolio of 8 of Degas' charming nude studies, each on a tinted 10" x 13" sheet. *Only* **1.00**

A29. "SILENT TRAVELER" PORTFOLIO.
Sixteen superb water-colors by the "Chinese Hogarth"—Chiang Yee. All the delicacy of Chinese painting on silks and absorbent paper is captured in these 4½" wide x 6" high reproductions. Contains familiar scenes of New York City such as Washington Square, Central Park and Riverside Drive—all as seen through Chinese eyes. *All 16 prints, only* **1.98**

2. I WAS A MONK.
Autobiography of John Tettemer. Deeply reverent, frank and moving account of a Passionist Monk. Reveals monastic life in all its stages, the election of Pius X, and the personal mental processes that led this man to enter, and then leave, a Holy Order. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

25. GREAT STARS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.
By Daniel Blum. A pictorial record of the American stage—past, present, and future. More than 150 pictorial biographies of great actors and actresses. You'll meet Maude Adams, David Warfield, Ethel Barrymore, Walter Hampden, Helen Hayes, Maurice Evans and all the others. With each biography, there's a full page (9" x 12") portrait of the subject followed by photographic highlights. *Pub. at $7.50.*
Only **3.88**

32. PRINCIPLES OF GENERAL PSYCHOPATHOLOGY.
By Siegfried Fischer, M.D. Includes complete fundamentals of psychopathological concepts, symtoms, complexes and diseases. Discusses deviations of personality, character and temperament in pathological cases. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98.**

27. PICTORIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GUNS AND HUNTING.
By 40 famous experts. *The* book for the great army of American sportsmen including the armchair marksman. 564 pages containing reliable, compact, "how-to-do" guidance, combined with a complete coverage of useful and authoritative reference information on every phase of game hunting and shooting as practiced in America today. Includes a complete hunter's dictionary. Handsome 8" x 11" volume. Profusely illustrated. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **3.88**

33. DICTIONARY OF MYSTICISM.
Edited by Frank Gaynor. Collection of brief and concise definitions of terms used in those philosophies, religions, and doctrines which recognize the superhuman and supernatural influences on man's life and affairs. Everything from *Aaron's rod* to *Zoroastrianism.* Includes over 2200 terms. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

15. WORLD OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.
Edited by Charles Angoff. An enormous volume containing the very best writing of the dean of American theatrical critics. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

14. HOME BOOK OF TREES AND SHRUBS.
By J. J. Levison, M.F. Complete guide to the design, planting, and care of the home grounds with information on lawns, woodlands, flower borders, garden accessories and the identification of trees. With more than 300 halftone illustrations. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.88**

6. THE TABLES OF THE LAW.
By Thomas Mann. A short novel based on the Biblical story of Moses and the Exodus. "Brilliant . . . a splendid novelette . . . represents the very essence of Mann's literary art"—*Saturday Review. Pub. at $2.50.* *Only* **1.00**

53. BALLET BY SEYMOUR.
101 full-page photographs from among his best by Maurice Seymour with a foreword by Leonide Massine. All the major exponents of Russian ballet today including Danilova, Markova, Baronova, Massine, Youskevitch and Eglevsky are presented in their most glorious roles. Beautifully bound 9" x 12" volume. *Pub. at $10.00* *Only* **4.88**

28. ONE THOUSAND QUAINT CUTS.
1,000 unusual engravings, wood cuts, etc. from books of yesteryear, including many amusing illustrations. Fascinating insight into life 100 years ago—invaluable source material for artists and illustrators. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

A44. MONDRIAN: SILK-SCREEN PRINT.
A truly magnificent 13½" wide by 17" high color reproduction for those who appreciate the revolutionary work of this controversial modern master. The silk-screen process has perfectly captured the brilliant blue and yellow squares of the startling 1925 Mondrian geometric design. *Pub. at $6.00.*
Now only **1.98**

5. THE THOMAS MANN READER.
An illuminating cross-section of the writings—both fiction and non-fiction—of one of the great men of our time. Includes two short novels, selections from *Buddenbrooks, The Magic Mountain, Joseph and His Brothers, Doctor Faustus;* four short stories, five character portraits and four political essays. Selected, edited, and with introduction by Joseph Warner Angell. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now Only* **1.98**

4. DOCTOR FAUSTUS.
By Thomas Mann. The life story of a modern composer who sold his soul to the Devil. One of Mann's greatest works. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.49**

$10.00 VALUES!
Full-Color, Giant-Size Reproductions of
MUSEUM MASTERPIECES
only $1.98 each—3 for $5.00

Now you can own superb full-color giant-size reproductions of masterpieces from famous museums. Here is the extraordinary color fidelity and painstaking attention to detail you'd expect to find in prints selling at many times this price. Every subtle tone has been perfectly captured. You can almost feel the brush strokes of the artist. No wonder leading art connoisseurs agree: "This is the closest thing to owning a priceless original." At this incredibly low price, you'll want to brighten every room of your home with the world's great masterpieces.

A1. DUFY. *Paddock at Deauville.* A bright dash of red accents the greens and blues of this charming Raoul Dufy painting. 10½" high by 25¾" wide.

A2. PICASSO. *Portrait of the Poet's Wife.* Reproduced for the first time in America, this painting typifies the mastery of line and sensitivity of understanding found in Picasso's classical period. Subtle beige tones predominate. 24" high by 20" wide.

A3. UTRILLO. *Street at Anse.* Utrillo in a rare romantic mood painted this country scene in Autumn hues against a brilliant blue sky. 20" high by 24" wide.

A4. VLAMINCK. *Village Landscape.* Painted during his Post-Fauve period, with powerful browns, blues and russet tones applied in the bold, sweeping design characteristic of this great artist. 19" high x 24" wide.

A5. CEZANNE. *Basket of Fruit.* A magnificent example of great art encompassing the most commonplace of subjects. Rich wine, gold and blue tones predominate. 17½" high by 22" wide.

A6. VAN GOGH. *Vase with Flowers.* Acclaimed as one of the most serene and lyrical of Van Gogh's paintings. The brilliant golds and reds of the flowers are in bold contrast with a mottled blue background. 24" high by 20" wide.

A7. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. *Girl Pulling on Stocking.* Lautrec's richly varied palette reveals his sympathy for the dwellers of the music halls, bordellos, and the cafes of Montmartre. 24" high x 19" wide.

A8. RENOIR. *Girls at the Piano.* Renoir loved to paint just such warmly human scenes as these. This magnificent example of Impressionist art offers a harmonious blend of many tones with reds, greens and gold predominating. 23" high by 18" wide.

A9. MODIGLIANI. *The Seated Nude.* Reproduced in this large size for the first time anywhere. The warm flesh tones, the rich russet background, the classical mastery of form, are illustrative of Modigliani's late and most widely acclaimed period. 24¾" high x 16" wide.

A10. ROUAULT. *Head of a Young Boy.* Glowing flesh tones, reminiscent of his stained glass technique, set against a sombre blue-green background. This cherished masterpiece now reproduced for the first time in America. 24" high by 19" wide.

A11. UTRILLO. *Street in Paris.* The unusual perspective of this characteristic Montmartre street scene has made it one of Utrillo's most celebrated paintings. The neutral tones of the buildings stand out in stark contrast to the bright blue sky. 25" high by 18½" wide.

A12. MONET. *Boats on the Beach.* Picturesque fishing boats blend with the blues of water and sky to produce a color harmony that only this master of Impressionism could create so well. 19" high by 24" wide.

A13. MATISSE. *Odalisque.* Noted for its bold use of fiery reds and deep blues, this painting is treasured as one of the most notable works by Matisse. 17" high by 24" wide.

A14. DUFY. *Sea at Le Havre.* Here are the subtle tones, the delicate air, the blending of azure sky and sea that have made Raoul Dufy's work so popular throughout the world. 18" high by 22" wide.

21. OLD SILVER FOR MODERN SETTINGS.
By Edward Wenham. A magnificent handbook for the lover of English, Scottish and Irish silver. Explains the origin and purpose of the various hallmarks, and methods of detecting imitations. Profusely illustrated. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

17. TROLLOPE'S "NORTH AMERICA."
Written with light pen and enlightened mind, Anthony Trollope's impressions of the United States and Canada at the time of The Civil War are both pleasant and interesting. With 16 contemporary photos. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Infirm Stage of a Sick Age

" 'Modernism' in Modern Drama," by Joseph Wood Krutch *(Cornell University Press. 138 pp. $2.75), examines the leading modern playwrights from Ibsen to Williams to develop the thesis that the modern world is steadily developing conditions uncongenial to civilized living. John Gassner, who reviews it here, is the author of "Masters of the Drama" and other books.*

By John Gassner

THE subtitle of Joseph Wood Krutch's " 'Modernism' in Modern Drama" is "A Definition and an Estimate," and both the definition and the estimate may come as a shock to those of us who have considered the modern theatre one of the outposts of humanitarian idealism. Mr. Krutch combines the knowledge of an informed drama critic and the perspectives of a lay philosopher in this brief survey consisting of six chapters originally delivered as lectures at Cornell University in 1952. Mr. Krutch notes two tendencies in the modern drama since Ibsen's middle period. The first represents a drastic and largely deplorable break with the past, the second a partial return to tradition that has not as yet given the critic any strong reason for revising his rather jaundiced view of modernism and its works.

Inevitably, Mr. Krutch uses Ibsen as a springboard for his disclosure on the state of the theatre. Ibsen is the first dramatic modernist because he disavows the utility of the past as a basis for the future and posits the belief that "there is no such thing as an unqualified, unchanging truth." An "all-inclusive relativity" is the gospel of modernism, and Ibsen is its most influential proponent. Once this view gains currency, whether in the theatre or in the larger world reflected on the stage, we are on the brink of the "disintegration of an intellectual and spiritual world."

With Strindberg, next, dramatic modernism gives wide recognition to the dominance of irrationalism in human reality, a view that carries the modernist far indeed from Aristotle's premise that "man is a reasoning animal." Ibsen at least sought a rational solution for man's situation. Strindberg found none when he dramatized the sex duel between man and woman. A harmonization of conflicting interests is not within the purview of modernism, whether it addresses itself to psychological or to social problems. In Ibsen's world social evils are remediable, individual responsibility is uppermost, and judgments can therefore be passed on humanity. In Strindberg's world the evil is imbedded in human nature, individual responsibility is irrelevant, and judgment is replaced by a "Dionysian fury." Mr. Krutch finds "Strindbergism" in solution in most serious modern works: "Nearly all seem to proclaim that man is, to sometimes lesser and sometimes greater degree, an irrational animal."

An interesting chapter on Shaw carries the critic's evaluation of the modern dilemma further. Although Mr. Krutch acknowledges Shaw's optimistic interest in social reform, he places great stress on the conclusion in "Back to Methuselah" that "man as we know him is not smart enough to save himself." For Mr. Krutch this view negates Shaw's Fabian version of Marxism as expressed, for instance, in "Major Barbara." In Chekhov's plays the critic finds other instances of negativism, since Chekhov presents the absurdity or pathos of modern man and notes the passing of the old world without inspiring any particular faith in the future. And in the work of Pirandello, a dramatist who is even more obviously a modernist, negation becomes still more apparent, for the author of "Six Characters in Search of an Author" dissolves the ego. His is "the most inclusive denial of all," for Pirandello denies the more or less consistent personality usually attributed to individuals.

IN HIS estimate of the Irish theatre, Mr. Krutch maintains that its resistance to Ibsenism was of short duration. He cites as evidence O'Casey's powerful realistic plays, which he characterizes as "one, long, unresolved dissonance. Only in the final chapter, on American drama, does the critic discover some tendency to assert man's confidence in his own importance and responsibility." This conclusion is derived chiefly from the fact that O'Neill and Maxwell Anderson have remained loyal to tragic form, for tragedy confers dignity upon man. Since European modernism abandoned or destroyed tragic art, Mr. Krutch considers O'Neill and Anderson approvably "anti-modernist." In his view the major plays of Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams also approach the estate of tragedy, although he finds "pluralism" in "Death of a Salesman" (the responsibility for fate is here divided between society and the individual) and "ambiguity" in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Yet even in this chapter Mr. Krutch arrives at the conclusion that "a civilized man is likely to find it increasingly difficult to live in either the physical or the spiritual world which has been gradually evolving." The modern world has become uncongenial to the main premises associated with civilization—namely, that man is a creature capable of dignity and that men may live most fruitfully in the realm of rationality.

Mr. Krutch does not single out the drama as more culpable than any other branch of modern literature. But he does not exempt it from a tendency "to undermine the foundations of post-Renaissance civilization." His book, written with the intelligence and clarity that have characterized all his previously published books, is not so much a work of dramatic criticism as an expression of one highly civilized man's sense of alienation in a world that has tended to defeat his humanistic values. As a humanist's testament and protest " 'Modernism' in Modern Drama" merits respectful consideration even by one who, like myself, is not always completely convinced by the analysis of particular plays or playwrights and would have preferred a less general discussion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Ibsen

"The Haunted Heroes of Eugene O'Neill," by Edwin A. Engel *(Harvard University Press. 310 pp. $4.95), is one of the few full-length studies of the work of the recently deceased playwright. Richard Lockridge, who reviews it below, was drama critic of the old* New York Sun *before embarking on his career as co-author of the Mr. and Mrs. North detective stories.*

By Richard Lockridge

"NOBODY is indifferent to O'Neill," Edwin Engel remarks in the preface to his detailed study, "The Haunted Heroes of Eugene O'Neill." Mr. Engel himself has sought to be; at least he has "tried to remain uninfluenced" by either "enthusiastic supporters or energetic detractors." His method has been always "to focus rigidly upon the plays themselves, to keep peripheral not only the interpretations and opinions of other critics, but also such information as is contained in O'Neill's occasional statements of intention and in biographical articles."

What a writer plans is by no means always what he achieves, but Mr. Engel has come reasonably close to his mark. This first "full-length study" of O'Neill's work since Richard Dana Skinner's brilliant and provoking "A Poet's Quest" does indeed focus rigidly. Mr. Engel's mind sheds a clear light, his critical scalpel is keen and handled with dexterity. The bones and nerves and muscles of O'Neill's drama have not, I think, ever been more expertly dissected. It is true that the blood no longer flows, but this is not vivisection, in fact or by intention.

E. A. Engel—"a new dimension."

The plays are considered, pretty much in order, from "Bound East for Cardiff" to "Days Without End"—which made so many of us morosely consider that nights were, too—and "The Iceman Cometh." The "haunted heroes" of Mr. Engel's rolling and slightly misleading title have their proper places, but no more. Mr. Engel seeks to discern through O'Neill's "strained and turgid style" the poet's meaning, and this has never been altogether easy. O'Neill has baffled many; much has been read into him, and much laboriously dredged out. Mr. Engel is never laborious, as he is never turgid. If the qualities which made O'Neill by all odds the country's greatest dramatist are to be made discernible to reason Mr. Engel's equipment is admirable for the task: he writes well and clearly; he is discerning and often witty; his knowledge, both of literature and of life, is more than adequate. He retains a proper measure of detachment even when searching through the darkness of the dramatist's haunted mind; he does not himself become muddled there, which is a very neat trick indeed.

Having read the book with continuing interest, being inclined to urge it highly on all interested in O'Neill—or, indeed, in the whole drama of his period, and the mental climate of it, too—I would like to minimize disagreements. In detail it is, in fact, difficult to disagree with any confidence. Oh, on the final rating of the plays in his concluding chapter—yes, obviously. Few would—few have—set "The Emperor Jones" and "Desire Under the Elms," to say nothing of "The Dreamy Kid," above "Mourning Becomes Electra" or, for that matter, "The Iceman Cometh" or "Strange Interlude." But critics, too, are entitled to their vagaries; Mr. Skinner's thesis led him to place "Days Without End" near the top of the O'Neill heap, and it is hardly less bad than "Dynamo." It is, in a way, encouraging to find Mr. Engel in disagreement with Joseph Wood Krutch and to feel hopeful that this will not lead to Mr. Engel's investigation by Congress. If Mr. Engel is sometimes dogmatic, why not?

And if Mr. Engel writes of these plays as things lying a little flatly on the printed page, that probably is inevitable. They are easy to find there; hard, for the most part impossible, to find in the theatre. But plays are written for the theatre, and O'Neill's more than most. In the theatre plays take on, for better or worse, a new dimension. With O'Neill's plays this was almost always for the better. Words which are flat—or even, as O'Neill's frequently are, a little grotesque—on the page are rounded by the human voice. Sometimes they even sprout wings where one least expects them. Plays now and then soar. "Mourning Becomes Electra" did, from where most of us sat. We were not, of course, sitting in the study.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Ben Jonson, "Epitaph on Elizabeth, L.H." 2. Fitz-Greene Halleck, "On the death of J. R. Drake." 3. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. "The King's Epitaph" (Charles II). 4. Epitaph of Philip Nolan in Edward Everett Hale, "The Man Without a Country." 5. Robert Herrick, "Epitaph Upon a Virgin." 6. L. A. G. Strong, "Epitaph on a Sentry." 7. Robert Louis Stevenson, "Requiem" (for himself). 8. Epitaph for Mark Twain's daughter, Susy Clemens, adapted from lines by the Australian Robert Richardson (often attributed to Clemens). 9. John Donne, "Epitaph on Himself." 10. Epitaph, by himself of Pierre de Ronsard, with whose surname the verses begin.

Ducats for a Duo

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN: "Some Enchanted Evenings" (Harper, $3.95) is a book made with scissors and not a great deal of paste by Deems Taylor, a man of determined joviality. The volume narrates the show business history of Rodgers and Hammerstein, and there is an introductory chapter about the Rodgers and Hart period which came before. You will find here the titles of all the shows, the names of the people who starred in them, and the titles of a song or two which still survive from each of these treasured scores. You will learn that Hart wrote lyrics after Rodgers wrote the music, but that Hammerstein usually does the words first and Rodgers makes a tune to fit. There is also noted here that Rodgers and Hammerstein together, daring experimenters in the commercial theatre, have liberated our musical stage from its rhinestoned cliches and have embarked on a new kind of musical drama of impressive dimension and strength. "Some Enchanted Evenings" is hardly equal to the stature of the two giants who appear informally and incidentally in its pages.

The volume is saved from the category of a blown-up Sunday article by a folio of ancient theatrical photographs, which exercise a special magic for this votary. —LEE ROGOW.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly in Love

IN T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly delivers his psychoanalytic dicta with the authoritative poise that perhaps represents the well-regulated life the poet-playwright himself aspires to. Even in the scene where he becomes drunk Sir Henry maintains an omniscience and sense of direction. In "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" playwright Edward Chodorov has elected to show us that a psychoanalyst can arrive "in some difficulty" with his own emotions, and he does it in a mixture of high farce and a pseudo-serious discussion of psychoanalysis's function in relation to marital problems in our society.

As the former "Oh Men! Oh, Women!" is certainly the most outrageously outright fun of the season, and as the latter it is just the thing to recommend to newlyweds in town on a honeymoon spree. The story concerns a doctor who on the eve of his marriage accidentally discovers that his fiancée has had an affair with one of his patients and is also involved in the subconscious life of another. This is about as much as bears retelling, for the play has been composed and directed like a musical toccata. In a work that pretended to more lyrical qualities this might be dismissed as "contrivance." But on the plane of farce and in the hands of such a superb craftsman as Mr. Chodorov it is a comfortable ordering of scenes of considerable emotional disorder.

The hilarious side of the play is mostly in the hands of the four patients. (Technically two are not patients, but they should be.) As the fiancèe Betsy von Furstenberg has not only an unbelievably lovely figure but also that rare talent of being able to show an audience where her thoughts are lying even when they are far from the words she is saying. When she is first confronted by her fiancé with the name of her former lover she lashes back with, "How did he get to you of all people?" The way Miss von Furstenberg handles the line makes it clear that the character she is playing is all woman in that present love is to be tigerishly protected from rationality.

Larry Blyden plays the ex-lover with all the wonderful gaucheness characteristic of a twentieth-century Don Juan who lacks the keen rationality necessary to the permanent continuance of such a role. At the same time he is screamingly funny as a portrait of a young man on his dubious first visit to the psychoanalyst. But even more hilarious is the performance of an experienced patient. Since the psychoanalytic procedure induces self-dramatization, Anne Jackson as an unhappy wife makes wonderful drollery of reporting a squabble by representing her dialogue in exaggerated tones of patience and piety, and then quickly alternating to her husband's part in equally exaggerated tones of vicious profanity. "I don't want to go to the goddam Algonquin," she reports in what seems the best bit of humorous invective since William Frawley played Dick Maney in "Twentieth Century." Fortunately, her husband is an actor by profession, so that Gig Young—who plays the role—can be just as devastatingly histrionic without the excuse of psychoanalysis. In a romantic semi-drunkenness he tells the psychoanalyst's fiancée, "You were so fresh, and wherever you came from it was pathetic." Then he delivers a scathing attack on psychoanalysis by relating the plot of "A Doll's House" and tacking on after Nora's walking out, "What I want to know, Doctor, is 'What's outside?'"

As the doctor, Franchot Tone has a thankless part. He does not clown, and his sufferings are on a more natural plane than those of the other characters. Whether this is intentional in order to give a realistic undertone to the play or whether it comes from a limitation in Mr. Tone's technique is difficult to determine. However, I would have preferred a more comic and more varied performance. I would also have preferred it if Mr. Chodorov had seen fit to have Miss von Furstenberg remain offstage after her delightfully naughty curtain line.

These are minor deficiencies and not very damaging, because "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" is a minor play. Since it is an exceedingly good minor play, it probably comes closer to mirroring our little society than does any other play on Broadway. Perhaps that is why its laughs are so direct and so plentiful.

"JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC" is the theatrical equivalent of TV's "Toast of the Town," but with two advantages. It has handsome and tasteful scenery by Raoul Pène du Bois, and no master of ceremonies. Shrewdly put together by Mr. Anderson, it features two keenly satirical sketches plus a couple of others that are riotous slapstick. Hermione Gingold is a coy sophisticate who can flutter her eyelids to add the exclamation point to her many effective grotesqueries, and Billy De Wolfe is a coarser-grained comedian who keeps the revue from becoming too precious. Orson Bean seems a potential Eddie Mayehoff even though he remains as yet a shade too detached from his assumed comic personality. Little Miss Nanci Crompton is an engaging ballerina who can do spins and turns faster than the gang at Sadler's Wells. Polly Bergen is a husky-throated singer with a velvet pulchritude. And Harry Belafonte has a genuine personality of his own to add to a Josh White voice. All these add up to a fashionable and pleasant evening.

Most fascinating are the sketch in which a Mickey Spillane thriller is told in the pretentious manner of last season's "John Brown's Body" (written by Jean Kerr, wife of the *New York Herald Tribune*'s witty dramatic critic) and the story of "Little Women" as it might be told with the Josh Logan touches that attended "Picnic" and "Wish You Were Here" (written by TV writer Sumner Locke-Elliot). These are first-rate parodies worthy of every confirmed theatregoer's attention.

But—and this is the point at which all but the most thorough esthetes can stop reading—for those who demand that a revue have bursting spirits, unforgettable moments, and a strong style to give it for better or worse a personality, "John Murray Anderson's Almanac" is somewhat

—From "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!"

". . . most outrageously outright fun."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deficient. In attempting hardly anything it cannot do effortlessly it accomplishes hardly anything worth the effort.

The songs all sound as if they may become popular, but with the exception of a remodeled American folk song called "Mark Twain" and a strained but at times moving hymn to a growing son none have the dramatic impact that differentiates between an ordinary song hit and a real show tune. As for the dancing, there is none worth mentioning.

AN ANTECEDENT of the revue is the court masque, a form popular in England in the period right after Shakespeare's death. It featured lavish scenery and costumes, and stage revelry that must have included naughtiness permissible only with royal protection. The sketches and dances were tied together by a highly moral tale. Thanks to the Juilliard School of Music, one such masque, "Britannia Triumphans," has been given its first performance since 1637. While necessarily less magnificent than the original, it gave students of drama history an excellent idea of the elements that made up this bygone form of theatre.

"DEAD PIGEON" hatches a potentially fine dramatic situation. The former moll of a murdered gangster has been released from prison for one day during which she is to make up her mind about giving information to the district attorney. But during that time the crime syndicate is going to have her rubbed out by special arrangement with the detectives assigned to guard her. The girl senses this but wants her one day nevertheless, especially since it turns out to include an illicit honeymoon with one of the detectives. While in jail she has acquired a philosophy that allows her to bear her caged life by "dreaming with one foot on the ground." One day of relative bliss is preferable to years of growing old in jail.

Now, if faithfully carried out this is the kind of thing that a Jean Anouilh or a Maxwell Anderson could transform into compelling tragedy. However, in the hands of thirty-two-year-old short-story and TV writer Lenard Kantor it becomes a combination of *Thrilling Detective,* "Voice of the Turtle," and "Abie's Irish Rose" in reverse.

Still, Harold Bromley has cast and directed the play's three characters so that they maintain credibility despite a tenuous plot that weighs heavy on their talents. Best of the three is James Gregory, who plays the queasy lieutenant with a wickedly humorous touch. Here is one "heavy" who is light on his feet. Likewise, Joan Lorring is anything but clay as the "pigeon." Her successful and well-acted attempts to make Shirley Parker into a cute little nudnick keep "Dead Pigeon" from rising off the unpoetic plane Mr. Kantor has picked for his little play. Her tango scene in a scanty red dress makes Mickey Spillane look like a writer of children's books.

"Dead Pigeon" is a play that doesn't sing, about a girl who doesn't "sing." While it has considerable live virtues as a naturalistic suspense-comedy-romance, as real drama it is a moribund squab.

THE City Center revival of Brandon Thomas's "Charley's Aunt" is a lot of fun in the vaudeville tradition. Jose Ferrer in "the Ray Bolger role" employs a variety of comic techniques ranging from Chaplin to Victor Borge. He is ably supported by the usually somber Kent Smith, who proves he can play a light comic role to perfection, and by Peggy Wood. Since Miss Wood is doubling between playing "Mama" on television and Donna Lucia in this play, she must have difficulty knowing whether she's somebody's mother or somebody's aunt. At any rate, she plays with her usual warm responsiveness even to the point of breaking up at Mr. Ferrer's mischief.

Raoul Pène du Bois's scenery is full of flavor and satire, and only the fact that the song cues go by without the familiar music prevents the evening from having all its old zip.

—HENRY HEWES.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 551

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 551 will be found in the next issue.

STRAY SEE B USC DSF

IRK YON ACBYNG DYSYND

DNCSYN AH RC YON OBEE BD

YOSY BY RHNCD JBYO

HKSFNK SCG UERDND

JBYO SC BCLNDYBMSYBRC.

—JBEE KRMNKD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 550

Tolerant laughter is the cruelest form of contempt. —Pearl Buck.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

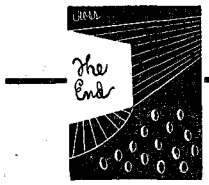
"KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE"
in
CinemaScope
starring
ROBERT TAYLOR
AVA GARDNER
MEL FERRER
with
ANNE CRAWFORD
STANLEY BAKER
Directed by
Richard Thorpe
Produced by
Pandro S. Berman
An M-G-M Picture
in COLOR Magnificence

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"NEW HORIZON"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble... Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

"A DELIGHTFUL EVENING."—Ed Sullivan
JOSHUA LOGAN presents
MARY MARTIN • CHARLES BOYER
in
"Kind Sir"
A New Comedy
by NORMAN KRASNA
with
Dorothy STICKNEY • Margalo GILLMORE • Frank CONROY • Robert ROSS
ALVIN THEA., 250 W. 52 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Eves. Incl. Sun., 8:40—No Perfs. Mon.

Coming
January 23
"U. S. BUSINESS AND WORLD PEACE"
in
The Saturday Review's
ANNUAL BUSINESS ISSUE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Annapurna and Everest Come to the Movies

IT'S a rare occasion when a documentary like **"Annapurna"** comes along, and it was something of a misfortune for the movie when **"The Conquest of Everest"** opened practically simultaneously. The happening, by the way, doesn't represent a misfortune for the moviegoer, since he has two movies to give him the feel of high adventure. But the two inevitably had to undergo a comparison, and, fair as one might try to be, it is "Annapurna" that must be judged the lesser in quality. Yet I'd like to recommend that both be seen, for the comparison has some illuminating aspects.

One sees, for instance, the difference between the French assault on one of the high peaks of the world and the way the British went about their conquest of the roof of the world. The French feat was daring, almost romantic. It was another mountain called Dhaulagiri that Herzog and his party had wanted to climb and when that proved unapproachable they settled for Annapurna—not quite as high but almost as difficult. The British, on the other hand, knew their mountain, knew that eight previous British expeditions had failed to conquer it, and realized that it would require an operation almost military in its planning before the mountain would capitulate. It was a combination of planning, preparation (knowledge, too, gotten through previous reconnaissance), the most modern of equipment, and *then* the use of daring skill that achieved the victory.

In one sense, then, "Annapurna" is the more human of the movies. It is not photographed as well as "Everest," the details are sketchier, but the tale itself cannot help but affect one. I have wondered if, perhaps, some French national characteristic was illustrated by the way the climbers went about their task. There was a great eagerness, a bold desire to get on with the adventure. No peak of the 26,000-foot class had as yet been scaled, and the French wanted their own peak—not the 29,000-foot peak that the British had labored and died over, not the 28,000-foot K-2 the Americans had come so close to conquering. The approaches to Dhaulagiri and Annapurna were virtually uncharted; no one even knew if it was at all possible to climb them. Perhaps Annapurna shouldn't have been climbed, at least not without the aid of oxygen, and certainly not at the season when the monsoon was nearly upon the party. Herzog went ahead, nevertheless; he and a companion made one final despairing attempt to reach the peak. The mountain, as though angered beyond measure, proceeded to punish them severely.

It took five weeks for the party to come down the mountain. Herzog had his hands and toes amputated during the solemn, terrible descent. For days on end he and Lachenal were carried on the backs of the marvelous Sherpas, who, with two hundred pounds burdening them, walked barefoot across jagged stones and swaying primitive bridges. It was thought that Herzog might not live, as the climate changed from one of ice and snow to moist tropical heat (Annapurna rises up from the equatorial region). They got down, and Herzog seems to have been vouchsafed a vision there at the top. The mysticism of it is quite beyond me, and I find it difficult, too, to comprehend Herzog when he speaks of an *acte gratuit* as the reason, if that it can be called, for what he did. But you cannot help but be fascinated by the grandness of the adventure.

EVEREST was another matter. It had its traditions and rules of the game. It was a perpetual challenge to the British ever since one of their surveyers in India had come into a hill station with the message: "I have discovered the highest mountain in the world." The assaults from 1921 on had left records of heroism and tragedy, among them that of George Leigh-Mallory, who in 1924 was last seen only eight hundred feet from the summit. He and a companion were swallowed up in a swirl of snow and mist (the winds at that height swirl constantly at a hundred miles an hour); neither was seen again. No one will say that Mallory did not get to the top; all we know is that previous to the 1953 expedition no one had gotten to the top and come down again.

Mountain climbers are a breed all to themselves, and if they will talk at all about what motivates their actions it is to deny the practical aspects of their efforts to conquer the heights. More mundane people will mention the scientific and geographical values of the Himalayan assaults, but one Everest expedition had as its unofficial slogan: "No damned science!" It is an ironic fact in itself that the height of Everest corresponds to just about the height where man can no longer survive, for lack of oxygen. The postwar expeditions came to the conclusion that oxygen was a necessity if Everest was to be scaled, upon which those mountaineers of purer spirit asked, "Why not, then, drop a man on the peak from a helicopter?" But even with the use of oxygen Everest had always resisted the most venturesome of humans. (There was the case of the mystical Britisher who thought it his destiny to reach the summit, and who made the climb all on his own and without special equipment; his body was later found at a height of 18,000 feet.)

There was the problem, then, of developing suitable oxygen apparatus; there was the problem of supply. How do you keep an assault camp supplied at heights of 27,000 feet? The British found out how. They used a new route to the summit this time. Previously they'd had to make a long journey through Tibet. The southern approaches were in Nepal, and Nepal did not allow such visiting expeditions. At the end of the war Nepal proved more hospitable, and the famous Nepalese Sherpa guides went with the latest expedition. Tensing was one of these, and he and Sir Edmund Hillary (a New Zealand beekeeper) shared the honor of the final conquest.

The movie makes a point of not showing the two at the top; it further makes the point of showing that it was a team victory, and that it could not have succeeded without the wholehearted efforts of all the members of the party. The movie itself could not have been made so successfully had not Thomas Stobart proved himself perhaps the most versatile photographer of all time. Think of keeping a color camera turning at the fabulous heights of 24,000 and 26,000 feet, where it takes an extraordinary effort merely to breathe (the oxygen was saved for the final assault teams). At the highest camp the camera was entrusted to one of the climbers, George Lowe, and to him we are indebted for the fine shots of Hillary and Tensing coming back from the assault with their thumbs raised up—the sign all were waiting for.

The movie has the accompaniment of an excellent musical score composed by Arthur Benjamin and a magnificent commentary written by Louis MacNeice. You may not know, after seeing "The Conquest of Everest" why it's so important to climb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountains, but you will have had the thrill of your life nevertheless.

* * *

Mountains play a part, if a more sentimental one, in a new Swiss movie, **"Heidi."** This child's classic has been charmingly done by Lazar Wechsler, and parents need have no fear about accompanying their children to see it. The English dialogue is dubbed in, but not too obtrusively, and while Heidi always seemed to me to have its corny sides these have been played down by Wechsler. However, he has not done the movie adaptation patronizingly, even though children will make up its primary audience.

Along with "Heidi" is shown another movie called **"White Mane."** This is a French effort that is difficult to classify. It's a sort of legend about a French boy and his love for a wild stallion. The backgrounds would appear to be the Rhone Valley in the south of France, and the camera work would seem to have required great patience, for there is a loving attempt to capture an almost dreamlike mood and simplicity of presentation. I've heard some talk about "the poetic cinema," but this is the first occasion, it seems to me, when the term may be used with any meaning. The horses are wonderful, as horses always are, and the small boy, Alain Lamorisse, is extraordinarily convincing. Albert Lamorisse wrote and directed the picture, and he and James Agee have done the English commentary. It's an affecting and beautiful movie and, while on the surface it might seem a child's story, it's the adults who will undoubtedly respond to it most.

—Hollis Alpert.

Tensing and Hillary before their climb to the summit.

—From "The Conquest of Everest."

The return to camp after a hard day's work.

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
New Musical Comedy
Me AND Juliet
with ISABEL BIGLEY · BILL HAYES · JOAN McCRACKEN
RAY WALSTON · MARK DAWSON · JACKIE KELK
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
MAJESTIC THEATRE, West 44th Street

R & H
YUL BRYNNER
in
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
The King and I
A Musical Play
with CONSTANCE CARPENTER
TERRY SAUNDERS
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
ST. JAMES THEATRE, West 44th Street

FINAL WEEK! Closes Jan. 16
MARTHA WRIGHT · GEORGE BRITTON
In The Pulitzer Prize Musical Play
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK · WILLIAM TABBERT · MARTIN WOLFSON
and MUSA WILLIAMS
Sun. thru Fri. Eves. (No Mon. Perf.): $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Eve.: $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Wed. Mats.: $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Sat. Mats.: $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax incl.
BROADWAY THEATRE, B'way & 53 Street

"GAY and INVENTIVE." —Gibbs, The New Yorker
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY." —Atkinson, N. Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
VANESSA BROWN
Robert Emhardt · Neva Patterson · George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.80 to 1.20. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $6 to 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.60 to 1.20. (Tax Incl.)
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th Street

"WITTY, INTELLIGENT, SATIRICAL AND JUST PLAIN DOWNRIGHT FUNNY!" —CHAPMAN, NEWS
"A DANDY SHOW!" —KERR, HERALD TRIBUNE
FRANCHOT TONE in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by
EDWARD CHODOROV
GIG YOUNG • BETSY VON FURSTENBERG
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43 St. BR 9-3970
Evenings at 8:40. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

Somewhere Under the Rainbow

AROUND the middle of December, when the Television Set Dealers of America were hopefully dreaming of a black-and-white Christmas, the Federal Communications Commission suddenly reversed itself and announced that the networks could immediately begin to telecast programs in color.

Prospective set buyers turned yellow, folded their green stuff, and the dealers went into the red while television editors who had been advising their readers to buy now because color was years away blew their tops and turned purple with rage.

Despite the added resplendence of the reds and the greens and blues, the basic problem confronting television still remains. Presenting twelve to fifteen hours of daily entertainment without too quickly wearing out the week-to-week welcome of its entertainers and their material is at the moment a blot upon the rosy landscape of television which no amount of color can paint over.

Having recently returned from a vacation in Florida, where I oiled and anointed myself under the sunny skies until now I positively radiate a bronzed healthiness, I am only too aware that underneath this reddish copper exterior glows the ghastliest pale ever beheld. Likewise any television comedian, no matter how brown his hair, how blue his eyes, how pink his cheeks, how beige his suit, how maroon his tie, how tan his shoes, will appear anemic if the words he speaks are colorless.

But while the factories hastily retool for color it is problematical whether the viewers will keep apace. The latest estimate is that there are twenty-seven million set owners in America. The first sets which will come off the assembly lines gimmicked to receive color will sell, we are told, at somewhere between $750 and a thousand dollars. I'm not very good at trade figures, but I imagine a fairly representative number of the twenty-seven million black-and-white set owners will rush out to buy these color sets—oh, about forty-five or fifty of them. Unless there's a liberal trade-in allowance of say about five or six hundred dollars on the old sets.

But, the rather limited audience notwithstanding, sponsors will rush to buy time in color television. After protracted board meetings and countless conferences, at which everyone talked off the top of their heads, it was finally decided to package the soap flakes in the blue and yellow carton with the red letters, rather than the yellow and red carton with the blue letters. And there isn't a sponsor worth his bonus won't pay the price to see his large economy-size Rembrandt framed on a fourteen-inch screen in all its splashing glory, no matter how small the audience is at the moment.

EVENTUALLY, even as now with the black-and-white sets, the price will be within reach of all the twenty-seven million. The novelty of color will give TV the temporary shot in the arm it needs. But, as color did in the movies, the novelty will wear off, and soon the viewers will again begin watching television with their ears. And, television being the material and personality consuming monster it is, the networks will have to look around for something new to keep their audiences at their sets.

That day the FCC will suddenly announce Telerama—3-D Television. Not only will the factories retool but the carpenters will come into the homes and knock out partitions. TV sets will, like carpeting, be wall to wall, and announcers will roller-coast out to our refrigerator to find out if we're stocked up on enough beer in case friends drop in over the week-end.

But at the moment the big news along the Madison Avenue agencies and in the studios of the networks is color. Cameramen, stagehands, electricians, dance directors, costume designers, scenic artists, and makeup men are all being briefed in the new big gimmick which has come to television. They are told that big things are expected of them. But nobody bothers to talk about big things to the little people who sit over their typewriters pounding out the scripts, which, like the Bill of Rights, are still black and white.

Television is about to enter a new era. For the last time have we seen Santa Claus in the drab monotone which has been television till now. Next Christmas our sets will light up in a profusion of color. And there in a whirl of white snowflakes whipping across the black sky in his sleigh will be the fluttering white beard of old Chris himself.

And we're back to black and white.

—GOODMAN ACE.

Doe Going Home

By I. L. Salomon

NO MORE than two car lengths away
As I poked along between new trees,
A doe loped over the washboard road
To clear the planting on amber knees.

No less her eyes were moist with fear
Than mine were blest to see her run
Downfield without apparent force,
Her haunches lacquered in the sun.

No loss of stroke, her delicate shanks
Swift pistons flashing in the air.
She leaped the pasture brook where mint
Discouraged softer maiden hair.

No doubt her tail was lightning struck;
Unlike a bolt in one bright jag,
She held it all of half a mile
To the woodland's rise, then downed her flag.

No terror, hers; home safe, she thought;
All gladness, mine; as on the knoll
Exposed to fire, she faced her world
And knew not she had made me whole.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Tannhäuser" a la Americain, at the Met

BY ANY absolute standards there are three works of Wagner ("Tristan," "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal") more needful of a new Metropolitan staging than "Tannhäuser," but the most recent of Rudolf Bing's new productions was a pleasant year-end surprise. The remembrance of too many scenically-drab "Tannhäusers" there had dulled the expectation of what a proper one could be like; the recollection of some recent unfortunate adventures in staging had made one apprehensive about how any new production might turn out.

However, what Rolf Gerard designed in space and George Szell directed in time was mostly so good that one wistfully thought about how it all might have sounded with some of the people — Lehmann, Schorr, Flagstad, Traubel, Kipnis, Rethberg, Branzell, Tibbett (a great Wolfram), and Melchior—who had made the ears tingle even when the eye had a hard time finding some whole fragment on which to rest. Perhaps their exact equivalents do not exist, but I do not think the world is so bereft of able German singers as the present cast would suggest.

A Martha Mödl or Christl Goltz in the appropriate parts would have helped offset the large amounts of inexperience evident on all sides. Jerome Hines has an exceptional voice for the Landgraf and George London a warmly promising one for Wolfram. Moreover, there was uncommon vocal value in the work of such other singers as Brian Sullivan (Walther von der Wogelweide), Norman Scott (Reinmar), Paul Franke (Heinrich), and Clifford Harvuot (Biterolf). In another small part Roberta Peters gave healthier-than-average sound to the music of the Shepherd.

The inevitable "but"—and it is a considerable one—has to do with the Venus (Astrid Varnay), Elisabeth (Margaret Harshaw), and Tannhäuser (Ramon Vinay), that is to say, the people on whom a successful performance of "Tannhäuser" depends. Miss Varnay's worn voice has little of the plush (not to say velvet) wanted in this music; Miss Harshaw, for all her power, casts no spell as Elisabeth, and the apologies extended on behalf of Vinay's vocal condition—he missed the dress rehearsal because of a cold, and was obviously laboring—could in no case cover his unsuitable appearance and poor action.

So far as the total musical effect is concerned the use of the first, or "Dresden," version was at least debatable. The argument that the superb "Bacchanale" and "Venusberg" music Wagner wrote for the Paris production of the Sixties are "out of place" is quite specious, also suspicious. They are certainly not "out of place" while they are being heard. I'd feel more receptive to the argument if the Paris version didn't require a more elaborate ballet than the frolicsome Jones Beach affair that Zachary Solov provided. And, if "original versions" are preferable, why does the Met give "Simon Boccanegra" with Verdi's revisions, or "Don Carlo"? This suggests scholarship of convenience, rather than conviction.

However, if this discussion concerns a command decision, it must be recognized that the staff work was on the whole first class. Some grumbling was heard about Rolf Gerard's visualization of the Venusberg, as if anyone could have a valid opinion of what this confining, overheated place *should* look like. I found it colorful and well conceived. The transformation to the outer valley was swiftly managed, and the setting itself was well arranged to serve for the springlike surroundings of Act I and the autumnal ones of Act III.

By far the happiest conception was the spacious hall of song, with its banked tiers of places for the well-dressed ensemble, and the filigree of arches at the rear admitting light. Gerard's color sense was brilliantly evident in the costuming of the hunting party, and the variegated dress of the guests at the song contest. All of it blended well with Herbert Graf's sound directorial ideas, which gave logic and sense to the action if not more than modest illusion.

If the perverse effect of memory is to accept this, reject that, in the vocal performance, it must be recognized that it has been more than a little while since any Metropolitan conductor contributed as much to this score as Szell did. Much of it was concerned with a physical energy that never relaxed from start to finish, and kept all concerned acutely attentive. The overture was driven rather than directed (a product, no doubt, of pent-up impulses, but resulting, nevertheless, in some coarse sound), and a warmer temperature could have been endured in the Venusberg music. Altogether, however, Szell showed a right and discreet sense of pace, a lively instinct for rhythm, and a commanding control of chorus and orchestra at the big climaxes. Let us hope he conducts it often enough to extend his control to the little climaxes, too.

EARLIER in the week Victoria de los Angeles appeared for the first time as Melisande, in a performance again directed by Pierre Monteux. This was in every way superior to the previous performances of the Debussy score, better projected from the pit, it sounded to me, than on the first occasion. Miss de los Angeles's initial Melisande (anywhere) was notably musical and well phrased, but the dramatic illusion was nil. The cast was otherwise unchanged.

Also of notable musicianship was Irmgard Seefried's singing of Mozart in a recent series of Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra concerts directed by Bruno Walter. The vocal material was the "Et Incarnatus est" from the C minor Mass and the motet "Exultate, jubilate." Since Miss Seefried is currently singing Susanna in the Metropolitan's production of "Nozze di Figaro," some opinion found her lacking in profundity or its Mozartian equivalent. She doesn't have the sure florid technique for the motet and the final, excrutiating C diminished the effect of what had preceded, but this was, otherwise, highly accomplished singing in a style most contemporary singers know less about than Miss Seefried. These programs also included Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. The fact that the composer left it unfinished (it is in three movements) provided time for Miss Seefried's Mozart. This is something that can be said for no other Bruckner symphony.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Between Wars

By Witter Bynner

I can stab tires on a wheel,
I can set fires, I can steal,
I can baby sit and watch it
bloat
And I can slit my sweetheart's
throat.

Why do I have to be so wild?
Because I am a murderer's
child.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medical Journalism

Continued from page 10

that you can't win. If, for example, you are early for appointments you're anxious; if you're on time you are compulsive; if you're late you're hostile.

Especially dangerous are the "explanations" of psychosomatics in words understandable to anyone able to comprehend the advantages of one brand of cigarettes or soap flakes over all others. I know a diligent magazine reader, for example, who walked about for weeks with a serious bacillus coli infection of the kidney untreated because she was so certain her symptoms were psychogenic. Worse, though it was always bad to have pain, nowadays to the pain of the pain is added the pain of guilt. The informed subscriber to the slicks knows that the suffering is all one's own fault, for it is caused by wrong attitudes.

BUSILY my writing colleagues and I are beginning—for good money, to be sure, but also in good faith—to correct some of the impressions we have created, also in good faith and for good money. Today the keynote in articles about antibiotics is no longer "Eureka" but "Caution." Recently a woman's magazine article mentioned "disproportionate dread" of polio. Into psychiatric articles an organic note is creeping as, similarly, the adjuration that there are times to say "don't" to a child is slipping into the kind of piece which, formerly, would have gone all-out for "permissiveness."

Five years ago, and again sixteen months later, I had published in a top-circulation magazine two articles which, as far as I know, were the first of many publicizing the doctrine that institutionalization is not the only answer for mental deficients, that most can be cared for in the community. Despite a few subsequent first-person articles justifying institutionalization, home and day-school care has become so indiscriminately embraced that in the latest issue of *Children Limited*, a little sheet published by the National Association for Retarded Children, an editorial warned that the pendulum had swung too far. I do not repent my original articles; they were much needed at the time, just as something on the other side is needed now. But if I espouse the institution in another few years I might have to reject it. Perhaps, in this country of extremes, the only way to get social movement is through series of violent starts and backings, but it is unfortunate that so many lives must be wrecked in the process.

Even literature issued by worthy health agencies may add to the confusion, especially when its purpose is fund-raising and it is scarehead. And professional experts themselves contribute to the public swings between hope and despair, the complete reversals of theory from one decade to another. Popularizers merely mass-produce the fashions they set.

I am not suggesting, even were it practicable, that a moratorium be declared on lay health articles; people want the information, magazines must be sold, and writers (including me) must eat. Nor do I advocate the equivalent of "pass a law" to restrict medical information to polysyllabic journals; it must go outside ivory towers if further research is to be supported and needed community facilities provided.

But there is a way of ending the wrong kind of popularization—and a feasible way, as anyone can testify who recalls how well the secret of Casablanca was kept by the press. Publishers and publishers, editors and editors, writers and writers must make gentlemen's agreements among themselves never again to distort "This is so" into "This is it!" or to fan cool facts into hot news. All of us, no worse off competitively than we are now, ought to eat as well—and we would sleep better!

A Winter's Pledge

By Lionel Wiggam

IF ever this withering air grows warmer,
If April appears once more, I mean
To wear with contempt a sort of armor,
Insensible to green.

No stammer of birds shall make me turn,
No spasm of pink along a bough
Shall charm these senses to unlearn
What winter informs them, now.

Having surveyed the treason clearly:
How beaks and blossoms have been entombed,
How fingers and vines that clasped life dearly
Were equally doomed.

How even love at the earliest touch
Of winter became a gasping thing.
No promise of April sustained it much.
I shall remember this next spring.

Medicine

Continued from page 13

circle of my father's admirers who persisted in considering him a bachelor even when they had known him for years." So we learn posthumously that the great storyteller had been married twice and had two sons.

This mixture of worldwide fame and personal secretiveness is quite characteristic of Munthe. He was an extremely complex individual in almost every respect. We find no unusual scientific achievement to his credit as a physician. Still, he was that rare (and almost extinct) kind of doctor who combines the magical power, the intuitive insight, and the solid knowledge of his craft, relieving the suffering of many thousands, kings and beggars alike. He was born in Sweden and he died at the age of ninety-two in the Royal Castle of Stockholm. But he studied in France, he became British by choice, he grew famous in Rome, and he lived his dreams in the Mediterranean paradise of Capri. His villa, San Michele in Anacapri, is now a shrine not to be missed by any visitor to the island. It stands on one of the most beautiful sites in the world, very high, clinging to the volcanic rock, built on the foundations of a Roman villa, its pergola and arcades looking out over the magnificent Bay of Naples.

The treasures within the house—the stone sphinx in the corner window, in the dining room the mosaic of a skeleton holding wine jars in both hands—might arouse disapproval among serious collectors, but they give a unique impression of one man's noble desires and deep affections. This was a man with weaknesses and vanities but also with a passionate love of life and a profound and fearsome awareness of death, one of the few last enthusiastic Europeans who made the whole cross-section from Scandinavia to Naples their home and centuries of European history their substance. He was a lonely and self-centered man, an ironic diagnostician of fraud and of vice, an adorer of animals, and a friend to everybody in pain and distress. He counted his days, ruefully observing his failing functions, his advancing blindness, his increasing frailty with age. "The problem of immortality was always uppermost in his thoughts." He never could find an answer and his moods wavered between Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy and his own stubborn confidence in life.

To a questionnaire once sent him he gave these significant answers: What human quality do you rate the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highest?—Courage. What faults do you find the easiest to forgive?—All. What do you regard as life's greatest boon?—Sudden death, with no doctors anywhere around. What would you miss most in life?—A sense of humor. What do you consider the most important invention in the history of man?—Wine, Leonardo da Vinci's *divino liquore*. What do you consider the first essential of a happy marriage?—The capacity to forgive. What is your favorite recreation?—Humming Schubert to myself.

The story of Axel Munthe has gained added flavor and depth through this biographical essay. It will be cherished by all who want to keep alive the memory of this wise and rare human being.

Great Pathologist

***"Rudolf Virchow," by Erwin H. Ackerknecht** (University of Wisconsin Press. 304 pp. $5) is the first full-length study of the nineteenth-century German physician, a pioneer in the science of pathology, who was also a fighter for the cause of democracy. Here it is reviewed by Ashley Montagu, chairman of the department of anthropology at Rutgers University.*

By Ashley Montagu

AMONG the great names in the history of medicine that of Rudolf Virchow (1821-1902) will aways occupy an honored place. During the last seventy-five years there cannot have been a medical student anywhere who has not heard his name and been the wiser for hearing it. I cannot help wondering how familiar those who have not studied medicine may be with Virchow's name. My wonder arises from the fact that Virchow, who was a great physician, an eminent medical discoverer, and the leading anthropologist of his day, was among the foremost democratic leaders of his time. In 1861 he was elected to the Prussian parliament where he remained as one of the leaders of the opposition till the time of his death. He was the arch-enemy of all that Bismarck stood for, and it is characteristic of the latter that he sought to rid himself of Virchow by challenging him to a duel, an invitation which Virchow, happily, declined.

If Virchow had done nothing else his practical achievements in democracy in the Germany of the second half of the nineteenth century should secure him a distinguished place among the great benefactors of mankind. And yet outside Germany, I believe I am correct in saying, the name of Virchow as a great democratic leader is scarcely known. Even more remarkable is the fact that this great man has had to wait more than fifty years for a full-length study. Perhaps the very variety of interests of the man and his enormous productivity presented too formidable a challenge to the specialist. Virchow had so many facets to him that he might be described as almost globular. We are fortunate, indeed, that the first adequate study to be presented of him in any language is from the pen of so well qualified a person as Professor Erwin H. Ackerknecht.

Professor Ackerknecht comes from the same province in Germany as Virchow, and by training he is a physician and anthropologist, and is now chairman of the department of the history of medicine at the University of Wisconsin. Faced with the task of reducing Virchow to ordinary dimensions Professor Ackerknecht has wisely chosen to follow the dictum of Virchow himself, to wit: "Brevity is the best guarantee for being read." The actual text runs to 250 pages. Within these dimensions the author has very ably contrived to give something more than a birdseye view of the life and work of this astonishing man who was at once a human being, healer, medical researcher, social worker, politician, statesman, teacher, public-health leader, and anthropologist. Not less important, he appears to have been an excellent husband and a good father.

With the publication of his "Cellular Pathology" in 1858 Virchow founded the modern science of pathology. It may well be wondered how many books there are which have done more to relieve human misery than this. The relief of human misery, that was what Virchow all his life was most interested in. But from the first Virchow clearly understood that while medicine might play a large role in bettering the lot of human beings the problem was one that could only be solved by the improvement of social conditions. As for the role of the doctor, "Medical instruction," he wrote, "does not exist to provide individuals with an opportunity of learning how to earn a living, but in order to make possible the protection of the health of the public."

Notes

MEDICAL MALARKEY: It's getting so that a well-equipped physician lays in an electric typewriter after he has made the first down payment on his fluoroscope. A diverting change from the usual anecdotal memoir churned out by the sawbones who takes pen instead of tongue depressor in hand is offered by **"Know Your Doctor"** (Little, Brown, $3). Dr. Leo Smollar, a San Diego physician, in collaboration with Neil Morgan, a newspaperman from the same city, have concocted a lively and informative antidote to some popular medical misinformation. The authors make trenchant observations on the subjects of cynical doctors and simple-minded patients. They include some priceless examples of medical double-talk, and of laymen attempting self-diagnosis in terms of pharmaceutical advertising.

Dr. Smollar is convinced of the interrelation between emotional stresses and much "physical" disease, and illuminates this thesis with a number of appropriate case histories. He is also irritated by some popular medical excesses: unnecessary surgery, needless injections, alarmist jargon, etc. He and Mr. Morgan debunk current medical myths in language that is both edifying and witty. "Know Your Doctor" closes with a set of sensible rules for a layman to follow in his relations with his physician—rules designed to enlighten both the healer and his patient. In these days of high-pressure medical malarkey "Know Your Doctor" is a reassuring book to read and to own. The only unanswered question the reader might have after reading it is: How? How can one know the calibre of one's doctor in the face of "the pretense of mutual respect among doctors which confronts the public like a granite wall"? Perhaps they should *all* write books. —MARTIN LEVIN.

HORSE AND BUGGY IN N. Y.: The subject of Richard and Dorothy Williams's biography has his offices on West End Avenue in New York City, yet he is the epitome of what is meant by the phrase "horse-and-buggy doctor." Dr. Jerome Steinfelder, whose life story is told in **"Family Doctor"** (Random House, $3.50), *did* get about in a horse and buggy when he began the practice of medicine in upper Manhattan, around the turn of the century. He graduated to a Maxwell, to a Buick touring car, and ultimately to the 1951 Pontiac that now takes him on his visits. But the horse-and-buggy concept of a perambulating physician who knows his patients as individuals, and who is selflessly on tap to do battle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with whatever ails them—this the doctor has retained in spite of his succession of vehicles.

The Williamses detail their doctor's crowded life in a colorful style, although they sometimes get too tremulous for comfort. Writers writing about doctors seem to get caught up in a high-pitched enthusiasm which is digestible in small, magazine-size doses—but which becomes harder to assimilate in book length. Its nervous pace notwithstanding, "Family Doctor" gives a many-sided picture of Dr. Steinfelder, from his medical school days (when he was unofficial medical inspector of the Baltimore red-light district) to his respectable maturity. The good, gray doctor, whose very appearance in the sickroom is part of the cure, is a diminishing breed in the face of increased specialization. More power to him. —M. L.

HERE'S THE PSYCHOSOMATIC cure
From the prolific Merrill Moore
With a 100,000 sonnets up his sleeve;
These medical diagnoses
In homeopathic doses
Are his comment on man's dream-world make-believe.
He is vulgar; he is tart;
He's as brash as he is smart;
He's compulsive as a subcutaneous shot;
But you'll leave the psycho's couch
With an "ah" instead of "ouch"
If you'll read **"More Clinical Sonnets"** on the spot.
Edward Gorey illustrates
What goes on inside folks' pates,
And Twayne will charge you three bucks for the book;
If you're pent up like a city
And admire corrosive pity,
Give these meretricious sonnets a good look. —I. L. SALOMON.

PLASTIC SURGEON: The time may not be far off when a patient will be asked to sign a literary release when supplying his medical history. The way things are moving, his clinical dossier has an excellent chance of turning up in some medico's book of reminiscences. If his affliction is sufficiently colorful and his physician as articulate as Dr. Maxwell Maltz he may be immortalized in the pages of an entertaining literary excursion in therapy. **"Doctor Pygmalion,"** Maxwell Maltz's autobiography (Crowell, $3.50), is a cheerful collection of anecdote and experience, hitting the high points of its author's eventful career in plastic surgery.

Dr. Maltz's specialty involves the human spirit as well as the correction of mere physical characteristics, and the good doctor seems as interested in the personalities of his patients as in their profiles. —M. L.

NEW EDITIONS

Souvenirs of the Roundheads

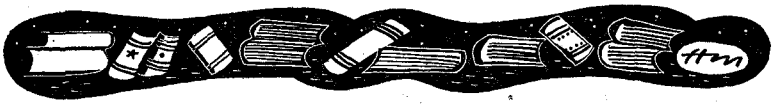
WHAT appears at first to be a miscellaneous lot of books often reveals, on closer inspection, an interesting pattern of interrelationships. Here, for example, are "Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England" (Oxford, World's Classics, $2), by Sir Charles Firth; Trevelyan's "History of England" (Anchor Books, 3 vols., 85¢ each); the first volume of the "Complete Prose Works of John Milton" (Yale, $12.50), edited by Don M. Wolfe; "A History of Modern Colloquial English" (Barnes & Noble. $5), by H. C. Wyld; "The Oxford Book of English Talk" (Oxford, $5), edited by James Sutherland; "The Poems of Joseph Hall" (Grove Press, $4), edited by A. Davenport; Robert Southwell's "An Humble Supplication to Her Maiestie" (Cambridge, $3), edited by R. C. Bald; and the Coronation Edition of Spenser's "The Faerie Queene" (Heritage Press, $5)—a noble printing of a great poem, with decorations by John Austen and wood engravings by Agnes Miller Parker. The first is the best short study of Cromwell that I know, written by a historian who, in G. P. Gooch's words, "has lit up every corner of the middle decades of the seventeenth century." The second, excellent in all its parts, is conspicuously good when concerned with the life and times of Cromwell, whose "riddle must be read not in his mutable opinions but in his constant character." The third contains the prose, English and Latin (the latter translated), that was written between 1628 and 1642 by the poet who was to be Cromwell's most famous secretary. The fourth, in the course of its learned survey of "English as it has been spoken during the last four or five centuries," contains this judicious passage: "It is almost impious to say so, but it must be said that Milton's prose is not in the direct line of descent from the great writers his predecessors, nor do those of the following ages derive from him. In spite of its many splendors, and its massive weight, this style does not reflect the age, however much it may express the personality of Milton. It is magnificent and memorable, but it exists in solitary state, remote, and unrelated to the general current of English speech." Mr. Sutherland's truly fascinating book of English talk —which begins with the Archbishop of York's interrogation of Margery Kempe, the religious enthusiast, in 1417, and ends with a Lincolnshire housewife's description of a seaside holiday in 1949—contains, among its many selections, Strafford's reply to charges of treason; a discussion regarding universal manhood suffrage, in which Cromwell took part; an account of the proceedings in Westminster Hall, when Charles I faced his Parliamentary accusers; extracts from the trial of John Lilburne, Puritan extremist, who quarreled with Cromwell; and a Mr. Drinkwater's recital of his experiences with the "Commonwealth Gestapo." Hall's poems are the early work of an Anglican bishop —"too reasonable for the times in which he lived," according to Courthope—whose mild defence of Episcopacy caused Milton to strike some of his foulest pamphleteering blows. Finally, Southwell and Spenser are tied into the group by the fact that Hall made them both subjects of his satirical verse, praising the one—"Renowned *Spencer*: whome no earthly wight/Dares once to emulate, much lesse dares despight"—and blaming the other for adorning sacred themes with secular conceits.

CROMWELL'S character is a subject of dispute. In Firth's pages he is a leader who is both driven by events and able to make the best of circumstances; a zealot who sees history as the continuous manifestation of God's will; an honest opportunist who remarks that a man never rises so high as when he does not know where he is going. Trevelyan's short history is incomparable, thanks to its proportions, style, and memorable phrases. The new edition of Milton's prose, projected in seven volumes, will be a mighty work of scholarship, by many learned hands. The prize of the first volume is Milton's "Commonplace Book," because of what it tells us of his reading, the influences that shaped his thought, and the growth of his ideas on important subjects. Professor Wyld's volume is one that should be missed by no one seriously interested in our language. Mr. Sutherland's anthology delightfully realizes a happy idea. To those who find Hall's best satires less worthy than I do, I quote Hall himself: "What a monster must he be that would please all?" Of Southwell's "Supplication," more later.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published



MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

THE BALLOON. By Henry Phelps Brown. St. Martin's Press. $3. A novel about some English anti-aircraft gunners in the last war.

THE CASE OF THE ABBÉ DE MONCRIEF: An Episode in French Society in the Eighteenth Century. By Edward Pease Shaw. Bookman Assoc. $2.50. A biography of a little-known eighteenth-century French churchman whose infamous actions affected the entire area where he lived.

CRATERS OF FIRE. By Haroun Tazieff. Translated by Eithne Wilkins. Harper & Bros. $3. Mr. Tazieff, who wrote "Caves of Adventure," has been under the sea, under the ground, and in the heart of the Sahara as a practising geologist. Here he recounts his adventures with and studies of the world's major volcanoes.

THE FINAL HOURS. By José Suarez Carreno. Translated by Anthony Kerrigan. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A novel set in modern and threadbare Madrid which involves the sub-moral doings of a street gamin named Manolo.

THE GREEK PASSION. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. Simon & Schuster. $4. An allegorical novel by the author of "Zorba the Greek" set in a small Greek village, and involving the villagers chosen for the village's yearly Passion Play.

HORACE GREELEY: Nineteenth Century Crusader. By Glyndon G. Van Deusen. University of Pennsylvania Press. $5. A new biography of Old White Coat, the founder of *The New York Tribune* which trumpeted daily at Washington during the Civil War, aspirant for the Presidency, crusader, and adviser of young men. The author is professor of history at the University of Rochester.

HUNGERFIELD AND OTHER POEMS. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.75. A new book of poems by the Old Hawk of Monterey on the subjects—lust, death, violence—he has continuously mined for the past forty years. There are two long poems, "Hungerfield" and "The Cretan Woman," as well as several shorter ones.

THE LADY FOR RANSOM. By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann. $3.50. A new historical novel by a writer who believes historical fiction to be more than the escape of bad steam. This one deals with Turks, Norman mercenaries, one Roussel de Balliol and his lady, Matilda. The time is the eleventh century, the place Asia Minor.

THE LITTLE ARK. By Jan De Hartog. Harper & Bros. $2.75. A Richard Hughesian novel about two children and their experiences during the great storms and floods which swept through much of Holland last year.

THE LITTLE STOCKADE. By Natalie Anderson Scott. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A fictional treatise on a prostitute named Marie, by the author of "The Story of Mrs. Murphy," a similar study of an alcoholic.

THE MIDGET RAIDERS. By C. E. T. Warren and James Benson. William Morrow & Co. $3.75. An official history of the little-known branch of the Royal Navy during the last war which operated two-men torpedoes and three- and four-men submarines.

MIRRORS OF CHARTRES STREET. By William Faulkner. Edited by William Van O'Connor. Faulkner Studies. $3.25. An exhumation of the stories and sketches which William Faulkner wrote for the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* in 1925 during the six months he worked for the paper.

MORTAL SUMMER. By Mark Van Doren. The Prairie Press. $3. A long narrative poem, which won the $1,000 prize annually awarded each year by *Poetry Awards* for the best unpublished poem of the year, about a summer in a small New England town where gods and archangels, in human guise, descend to mix with human flesh.

THE NAKED RISK. By Phyllis Gordon Demarest. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A bleeding-heart novel about the post-Civil War days and a scandal involving one Abby Sage McFarland, who is saddled by a drunken husband given to peppering with lead those people his wife likes. Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, and the then Vice President of the U.S. emerge as stage whispers in the background.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAMMALS. By Francois Bourliere. Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A big, rippling history by a young French zoologist of the mammals of the world, including everything from the tiniest mammal to that strange middle-creature man, and up to the whale.

THE PAPERS OF WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT, Including the Chanute-Wright Letters. Edited by Marvin W. McFarland. McGraw-Hill Book Co. Two vols., $25. The collected papers of the Wright brothers, extending from 1899-1948.

PICASSO. Edited by Maurice Raynal. Skira. $4.95. Part of Skira's Taste of our Time Series, this is a collection of the best of Picasso's work from 1898 to the present. It includes critical text by a man long acquainted with the master, and has sixty-three full-color illustrations.

THE PONDER HEART. By Eudora Welty. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. A thirty-thousand-word novella, already run complete in *The New Yorker*, about a small Southern town, its best family, the Ponders—Uncle Daniel and Edna Earle—and its growing group of Snopses. The story is told entirely as a first-person conversational narrative by Edna Earle, and is written in the great, and now scarce, American tradition of tragi-humor best practised by Mark Twain.

PRELUDE TO WORLD WAR II. By Gaetano Salvemini. Doubleday & Co. $7.50. A history of the diplomatic and state doings in Europe in the years prior to World War II, with special attention to the backbitings and doubledealings that went on between the Axis powers, as well as the timorous Allies. For the student and the layman.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MAN'S POSSIBLE EVOLUTION. By P. D. Ouspensky. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. A series of five essays, given originally as lectures, by the Russian philosopher and author of "Tertium Organum," on what man may evolve into.

REBEL HEIRESS. By Robert Neill. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. This historical pie is set in the England of the Restoration (seventeenth century), and involves a couple of gentlemen home from exile in France to recapture their fathers' fortunes and estates, a highwayman, a tavern named the Royal Oak, and two ladies, the Paget sisters, Barbara and Anne.

ROGER BACON: In Life and Legend. By E. Westacott. Philosophical Library. $3.75. A kind of handbook on the life, times, and achievements of Roger Bacon, 1214 (?)-1294, the English philosopher, mathematician, friar, physicist, linguist, and theologian.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH GALATHEA. By Hakon Mielche. British Book-Centre. $3.25. An informal account, by one who was along, of the 1950-1952 round-the-world oceanographic expedition carried out by the Danish ship *Galathea*.

A SERGEANT NAMED BATISTA. By Edmund Chester. Henry Holt & Co. $3.50. A biography of Fulgencio Batista y Zaldivar, better known as Batista, who was born in 1901, and has spent his life in Cuba as the country's leading fighting reformer. He was President of Cuba in 1940-44, and returned to power in 1952 in order to rid his country of the corruption that had flowered since his last tenure in the executive office.

THE STANDARD GUIDE TO MEXICO AND THE CARIBBEAN. By Lawrence and Sylvia Martin. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $4.95. An exhaustive, up-to-date guide on how, why, and where to travel in and around the Gulf of Mexico, written by two professional travelers, and illustrated with maps by Grace James.

SUCCESSFUL PHOTOGRAPHY. By Andreas Feininger. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. A bible on the camera, still and motion, by an expert photographer, with a thousand-fold facts on films, speed, lighting, types of cameras, developing, how to build darkrooms, etc. The book is aimed at the amateur who has passed the Brownie stage.

THE SUDDEN VIEW: A Mexican Journey. By Sybille Bedford. Harper & Bros. $3.75. An intimate peek-look at the various strata of Mexican life as the author, an Englishwoman, saw them on a recent trip through that country.

THE THIRD GENERATION. By Chester Himes. World Publishing Co. $3.95. A new novel by the raw-heeled author of "If He Hollers Let Him Go," concerning the growing-up of the son of a Negro professor, dark-skinned, and his wife, light-skinned, who mishandles her husband, and ties her son to her with a silver cord.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S FARM BOOK, With Commentary and Relevant Extracts from Other Writings. Edited by Edwin Morris Betts. Princeton University Press. $15. A facsimile edition of a memorandum book kept at Monticello by Jefferson the farmer between the years 1774-1826.

TREASURE OF THE SUN. By Adeline Attwood. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. A novel about an Inca girl, Inca treasure, and Inca violence, set in the days of Spanish colonialism, when even the sun was of gold to the Conquistadorial eye.

VICTORIAN ARCHITECT: The Life and Work of William Tinsley. By J. D. Forbes. Indiana University Press. $5. The life of an Irish immigrant who moved to the Midwest in the nineteenth century and there became one of that region's most prominent practisers of the wonderful school of gingerbread architecture.

THE WANDERING EYE. By Hugh Massingham. William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. A novel about the swansong days of an English lecher who finds, upon returning to a small French village where he had been wont to merry-make in his younger days, a full-grown daughter by his once favorite barmaid, and another lady, of some quality, who had thought his intentions so good in those days as to order up her wedding gown and invitations.

—W. B.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 20

and Sonny, although he develops somewhat through contacts with life and love and death, does not grow enough perhaps. However these become minor faults in the whole. Many novels have far worse, far more flaws.

But this is not a novel. What Mr. Demarest has done is to offer New Orleans in a new and original way, and as it is one of the cities most frequently written about these days that is something of a major accomplishment. With Sonny and Granny you can see the town, and through Granny and her clan you can learn much of its history, its attitudes, especially in the past, its hates and its loves, even about its food and its songs and its proverbs.

And because Mr. Demarest writes with fine objectivity you can hear it and smell it and taste it, too. He has facility with words and a colorful, rather poetic style at times. The whole book has some of the quality of a fairy tale, but with more warmth than most fairy tales, and much more humor, stirred into the hearty gumbo of its being. It is a welcome addition to any New Orleans book collection, and if there is anyone left who needs one it will do fine, too, as an introduction to the city. This reviewer will be watching for Mr. Demarest's next production.

—*Gloria Fraley.*

Donald Demarest, author of "Fabulous Ancestor," and family group in Mexico City.

Notes

SOTIES BY GIDE: André Gide's only piece of fiction which he called a novel was "The Counterfeiters," a brilliant tour de force, considered by some critics as too clever to be good. It at least won the flattery of imitation by Aldous Huxley. Of Gide's other writings one group of short narrative farces he called *soties* (after a fourteenth-century genre). They enabled him to embed his serious ideas in robustious fun—as in "The Caves of the Vatican," the best known, where he attacks puritanism and explores the "gratuitous act." Two of his other soties, **"Marshlands and Prometheus Misbound,"** have now been published in a lucid translation by George D. Painter (New Directions, $3). In the first the fun wears thin; its simpering story of a novelist at work parodies Gide himself too closely, and seems a parody of a parody. But in his treatment of the Greek legend he is fresher and more meaningful: he transports Prometheus and his liver-eating eagle to modern Paris, and through his adventures throws off many suggestive ideas. The "gratuitous act" is again played out, appropriately enough by Zeus in the rôle of a millionaire; and Prometheus ends the comedy by feeding on the eagle who fed on him. One of the bird's feathers serves the author as a pen. Even if since his death Gide's reputation has fluctuated, it can be more firmly established here through further translations of his work. These two short pieces of fiction will help. —Robert Halsband.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MARRIAGE: Monica Dickens, who now has quite a long list of best sellers to her credit, writes her new novel, **"The Nightingales Are Singing"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), about two hazards: marriage and beginning life in a new country. British readers, and the author herself, may feel otherwise, but to an American the cards are stacked against her heroine from the beginning.

This is no story of young passion but of two people already settled into the just-hardening mold of the thirties. Christine Cope is the able assistant of the fuddyduddy head of Goldwyn's book department in London when she meets Vinson Gaegler. A personable officer in the United States Navy, temporarily on an assignment in England, Commander Gaegler is still something of an unknown quantity when Christine decides to accept his proposal of marriage. Christine's double adjustment, to a marriage to which she comes a little late, even rather diffidently, and to the new country which she is anxious to like, provides the stresses and strains of the slender plot.

Of course it is only natural that Miss Dickens should write with more understanding of the woman's adjustment than the mar's, and should draw her British characters with an indulgent affection which does not extend to their American counterparts. But once again we (the American readers) find ourselves being loved for our shining bathrooms and efficient kitchens, but, on the human side, being dusted off as a nation of ignorant, selfish, and extremely provincial types.

In any event, Christine is sufficiently well realized as a personality to make us resent her exchange of a job which had its satisfactions, however minor, and her eccentric, shabby, pet-ridden family for a husband who is both a domestic martinet and a Navy apple-polisher, and who offers her as in-laws a family he detests himself, and as a milieu the rootless, confined life of a Washington suburban subdivision.

While the section of "The Nightingales Are Singing" may offer to American readers the dubious but probably salutary pleasure of seeing themselves as the stranger among us sees them, the first section yields a very pleasant reward in a family portrait which is pure and delicious genre painting, and a fragmentary but amusing picture of life in a department-store book section.

—Pamela Taylor.

HAUNTED MARINER: James Hanley relentlessly forces his readers—over whose emotional equipment he wins early command—to identify themselves with Marius, the hero of his splendid and severe novel, **"The Closed Harbor"** (Horizon Press, $3.50), as he follows him on his harrowing journey

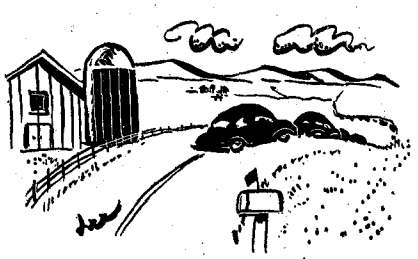
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from derelict to psychotic. It is a horrifying experience, Doric in its simplicity, delivered with a kind of sledge-hammer honesty. Marius is the son of a French naval officer who was drowned at sea after heroically defending his ship in an engagement in World War I. The father despises the son, and, finding him unfit to enter the navy, had him serve, instead, in the merchant marine. Here Marius became a captain, and during World War II shipped with his nephew, Jean Madeau, as his second mate. One night, at the time when France was falling, they were proceeding through a heavily mined area in the Mediterranean. Marius set his course, and went below to sleep. His mate, Gasse (who hated the young and successful captain), gave orders to change course, to which Madeau complied. Just before they struck the mine which sank them, the furious captain discovered their treachery and killed his nephew with one blow. In the ensuing disaster everyone was drowned but Marius and one member of the crew.

All of this is given in flash-back: the action of the novel begins some years after the close of the war, as Marius beats his way from office to office of the shipping companies along Marseilles's waterfront, trying to find work. Rumor has followed him, and as his pride is strong he will not accept anything less than his former status as captain. Mme. Marius, his daemonic mother, has sold her home in Nantes and come to Marseilles with her widowed and bereft daughter, Mme. Madeau, solely to hunt her son into hell. She takes every opportunity to flay him with his hideous crime, and with his rescue—which she interprets as an act of cowardice. A *Frenchman*—his father, say—would have drowned with his honor intact. Ultimately she ruins her son; but his stubborn courage is a splendid tribute to the modern spirit, and symbolic, too, of the tenacious new values which refuse to be judged under the dispensations of the Ancien Régime.

—Nicolas Monjo.

TROUBLE AT HOME: In **"The Man Who Came Home"** (Crown Publishers, $3.50) Louis Paul presents us with an interesting situation, some unusual and colorful characters, and brings to his work a high degree of craftsmanship. Certainly he is not that most common of literary commodities: the writer with an extraordinary amount of technical competence and a mind empty of original and stimulating ideas. Perhaps his difficulty in this novel is that he presents us with too many ideas, too many characters, and too many situations, at least for the space he has allotted himself. He repeatedly allows subsidiary plot-lines and secondary characters to obscure the central story, and always, I may add, at the moment when one is about to become completely absorbed in it.



The man who comes home is a middle-aged career diplomat named Ritchie Millburn who has spent the past twenty years of his life spreading the American gospel in the Middle East; home is Greenboro, a small Midwestern town near Chicago. Ritchie wants to settle down for good in the Millburn mansion, reacquire the old family properties, and fully re-Americanize both himself and his family—a wife and three polyglot children. But, because the reestablishment of the "Millburn tradition" would jeopardize the political and social status quo of the valley, Ritchie and his family run into considerable opposition from some local groups who have nothing to gain from Ritchie's return and who resent him as an outsider.

The entire valley, Ritchie soon learns, is very much under the benevolent protection of one Fred Kessing, an apparently public-spirited individual who has hypnotized himself into the convenient belief that what is good for Fred Kessing is good for the valley. The creation of this character is one of the most successful aspects of Mr. Paul's novel, because Fred Kessing turns out to be not one of those Machiavellian schemers, but something much more subtle—the man who, acting in what he judges to be the best interests of the community, has set himself up as the moral arbiter of a society.

The struggle between these two strong men soon involves nearly everyone of any consequence in the town. When the dust has finally settled Ritchie learns that he has rediscovered some things about America he had forgotten and the town learns some things about democracy *it* had forgotten.

As long as Mr. Paul sticks to this part of his narrative he is standing on very solid ground. Unfortunately, he wastes far too much space on his many irrelevant incidents and characters of no interest or significance whatsoever, including as improbable a family of comic-book Arabs as you'll ever meet.

—William Murray.

Distant Friendships

Continued from page 21

ica, "Democracy in America," not to mention the "Old Regime and the French Revolution" and his fascinating memoirs. For those who only know William James through the ambiguous word "pragmatism" there wait the monumental "Principles of Psychology" and four volumes of letters.

But one need not confine himself to the hundred great books or to recognized classics. It may be better to go out of the beaten track. There is a decent vanity in becoming familiar with the obscure and neglected. Why not collect all of the out-of-print volumes of that formidable American essayist John Jay Chapman, along with "John Jay Chapman and His Letters" and Edmund Wilson's admirable article in "The Triple Thinkers"?

Or why not share one's life for a period with J. W. N. Sullivan, that brilliant interpreter of modern science who also wrote a neglected novel, "But for the Grace of God," and a notable study of Beethoven? Or again there is that crotchety American expatriate Logan Pearsall Smith; his books are all charming and brief—"Unforgotten Years," "On Reading Shakespeare," "Words and Idioms," and that coruscating collection of pointed sentences and paragraphs "All Trivia." And he was a superb anthologist, as witness his volumes of John Donne and Jeremy Taylor. But these are only suggestions. The possibilities are inexhaustible.

IF THERE is value for the individual mind in associating with a single book or author, there can be somewhat the same value for a group, a club, a college, an adult forum. Six years ago at the opening convocation of Rutgers University in New Brunswick it was suggested that everybody, staff and students alike, should read the same book during the academic year, in order to escape from the usual departmentalization of the American campus. The idea languished during a successful football season but was later taken up by the Philosophean Society and boldly carried through in 1948-49, with the lively support of the editor of the college paper. A thousand or more copies of "Patterns of Culture" by the late Ruth Benedict were purchased and apparently read. The book was discussed in various class rooms and at meetings of various clubs. The experiment concluded with a public lecture on cultural an-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thropology by a distinguished social philosopher. Four more selections have followed. The Rutgers Book of the Year is now something of a tradition on the banks of the old Raritan and has been emulated on other campuses. Not too much should be claimed for this venture but undoubtedly it is a good thing for a student body atomized by departments, specialization, majors.

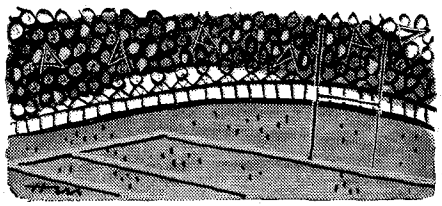
Adult education groups, or the Adult Education Association of the United States as a whole, might profit by this example and seek an elastic unity in some yearly companion. What better choice could there be than Thomas Jefferson? A student all his life, Jefferson devoted his seventeen years of retirement from the White House to the University of Virginia and wider problems of education. As the hundreds, the thousands of Jefferson's letters come before us we find in them a veritable touchstone for maturity and democracy.

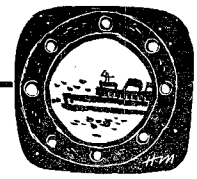
I am tempted to close this little excursion with lines from a popular song:

Be my life's companion,
And you'll never grow old . . .

But that would be too arch, so I turn back to 1806, to John Quincy Adams's farewell lecture as the first Boylston Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard University. Adams was leaving his professorship to become American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and he was leaving embittered by assaults from both the Federalists and the Republicans.

"In social converse with the mighty dead of ancient days," he said sharply, "you will never smart under the galling sensation of dependence upon the mighty living of the present age; and in your struggles with the world, should a crisis ever occur, when even friendship may deem it prudent to desert you; when even your country may seem ready to abandon itself and you; when even priest and Levite shall come and look on you, and pass by on the other side; seek refuge, my unfailing friends, and be assured you will find it, in the friendship of Laelius and Scipio; in the patriotism of Cicero, Demosthenes, and Burke; as well as in the precepts and example of him, whose whole law is love, and who taught us to remember injuries only to forgive them."





BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Turn West, Turn Blue

IT WAS with great personal, almost fatherly, interest that I noted the appearance in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day of the band of gentlemen who play football for the University of California at Los Angeles. Through the circumstance of new developments of the air age I found myself seated in the Colosseum in Los Angeles the afternoon that UCLA secured the invitation to the Rose Bowl by whomping the team from the University of Southern California.

The afternoon was quite memorable because I found myself sitting coatless at my first West Coast football game when only the day before I had been standing coated and mufflered on a street corner in New York waiting for a bus to take us out to the airport in Queens. With a number of other journalists I was to fly to California and back aboard the new DC-7 aircraft of American Airlines. The guest list was sharply peppered with correspondents who cover the Broadway-nightclub beat, a suburban extension of which is Los Angeles, California, and I noted the presence of Mr. Frank Farrell, Mr. Bob Considine, Mr. Hy Gardner, Mr. Leonard Lyons, Mr. Louis Sobol, and Mr. Earl Wilson. One could have been assured that the carpeted confines of Twenty-One would be barren and noiseless over the week-end, and well they might have been if it were not for the fact that a similar group was being brought from California to New York at the same time to fill up the empty places at the bar.

We were to fly non-stop to the Coast, perhaps in record time, a feat we did indeed accomplish on the way home [*SR* Jan. 2]. But on the westbound leg we came a cropper short of the Rocky Mountains and were forced to put into Denver, a city which proved to be at that moment an urban aspic, glazed in ice and enjoying the loathsome temperature of 10 degrees above zero. The bush beaters from Broadway disported themselves merrily in the terminal, Mr. Hy Gardner and a comic named Titus Moody, who frequently appears under the name of Peter Donald, managing to capture the microphone of Mid-Continent Airlines, which they used to broadcast the shortest-waved, shortest-lived disc-jockey show on record.

Once in California, on whose soil we gained a toehold later that evening, the columnists disappeared into their own private world: Mr. Wilson to an exclusive interview with Frank Sinatra, Mr. Lyons to the tennis courts and Dore Schary's house, Mr. Sobol to a private dinner for Charles Coburn, Mr. Gardner to bed. I lost track of Mr. Considine completely and I suspect he used the free time to write a new book.

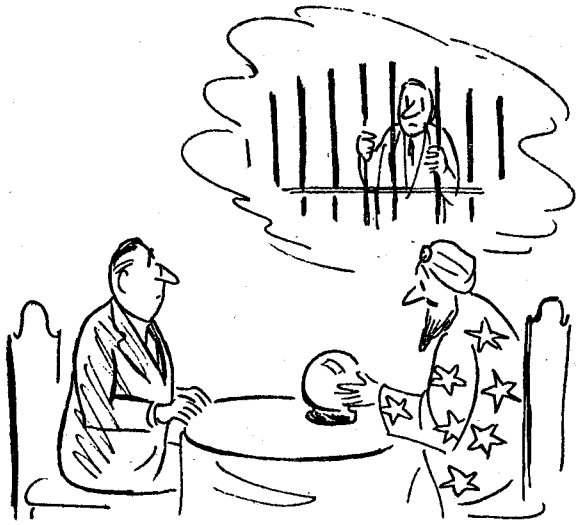
At any rate, none of these gentlemen appeared in the stands of the Colosseum for the football game the next day, probably because it was played in daylight. What they missed was plenty if they had never seen an autumn gridiron spectacle, West Coast version. California is probably the only place with the possible exception of Florida where one can view a campus queen en route to a football game wearing a chrysanthemum and licking an ice-cream cone.

When the USC band, led, I presume, by one Tommy Walker, appeared at one end of the stadium done up in a Hollywood conception of a Trojan force the cheerleader jumped to the microphone (megaphones are apparently passé out there). To the partisans from UCLA the USC band looked like men from Mars. The cheerleader shouted the instructions, "Everybody goes 'Tommy Walker, sshh!, Space Cadet.' He'll fall over," the leader assured the student body. Mr. Walker refused to fall over and strutted smartly up the greensward, the space cadets strung out in military order behind him. Somewhat dismayed, the UCLA stands broke out in a new and utterly simple cheer. In unison they shouted, "Turn blue!"—a delicate show talk expression one degree more forceful than "Drop dead!"

ALTHOUGH this brand of chiding was somewhat startling to one conditioned over the years to the more chivalrous attitude of the Ivy League, there was familiar cheering on the part of UCLA when its own band came out. Only the cheerleader's cues proved strange. "When the band comes out," came the instructions, "everybody go 'round." Later, upon the appearance of the football players themselves, the order came, "Now I really want to hear you split those lungs."

Since I was sitting alongside the giant student body as they shouted, it was clear that lungs were splitting all around us, not to mention some eardrums. A personal cheer was sent up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1

2

3

4

5

for each player, all of it in verse. My notes attest that some of these were "Hit 'em with iron, Myron," "Pack the ball, Paul," and that gem "Give 'em fits, Stits."

When the game got under way there was a new cheer to accompany each play. During intermission the USC band strutted across the greensward blaring out that old college song "Of Thee I Sing." The UCLA students meanwhile were engrossed in carrying out a succession of card tricks, during which they formed several tableaux, visible to the opposite side of the stadium, by displaying colored placards. While these card pictures began with scenes depicting college rivalries, they soon lapsed into the commercial world. A tableau in favor of stopping forest fires was dramatized with burning smoke flares, and others commemorated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the County Hospital, or urged the opposite, or USC, side of the Colosseum to buy Savings Bonds. To my mind the masterpiece came when the students, in behalf of the plasma drive, first formed a bottle and then by the expedient of flipping red cards managed to fill up the bottle with blood. It was a memorable moment, and UCLA won by a score of 13 to 0.

That evening American Airlines arranged a party at the home of Hal Hays, a contractor who seems to have come upon a type of cement that is more or less impervious to atomic bombs. One manifestation of Mr. Hays's wealth is this house, which he built on top of a hill in Hollywood. Since the real estate is a little cramped, cars are parked on cantilevered treads partially suspended over a cliff. Mr. Hays's own automobile, a white superlong Cadillac, is fitted with a bar and a dictaphone, both of which are tucked away in the trunk. I guess Mr. Hays has to stop to mix a martini, but an attachment

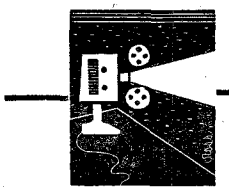
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permits him to dictate from the tonneau while the plastic wheels are taking down every syllable in the trunk. His secretary, who occasionally accompanies him on road journeys, can type from a specially built table in the front seat. It is also possible to turn on a waterfall in the Hays home while driving in the car, a particularly handy attachment should Mr. Hays not be in domicile at a moment when it is necessary to have the falls tumble.

THE house is also fitted with spigots that yield Scotch or rye on call, a television set imbedded in a tree trunk, and a great terrace that can be covered with a huge plastic tent in case California experiences Florida weather. The Hays bed is a great white slab of foam resting directly on the floor without benefit of springs. There is a glass enclosed view of all Hollywood from almost any place in the room, the bough of a tree bearing green leaves swoops down over the sleeper, and in the adjoining alcove, behind a glass wall, rests a covey of seventy-five suits and sport coats. The night of our invitation to the Hays home was somewhat marred by a defective fuse that left the place in utter darkness except for candlelight and the glow of charcoal embers in half-a-dozen braziers. Stars were tripping over moguls. Mr. Considine later wrote that he had met only thirty-two people out of the entire throng and all of them had turned out to be Louis Sobol, whom he had met before. Seven people fell in the swimming pool, which sits in the middle of the living room, including a lady named Florabel Muir. In the darkness Ed Wynn stepped into a small pond of lilies in the foyer and was forced to dry his shoes by the fire. "Thocks were too big anyway," he said.

On the way back East a day or so later we not only flew non-stop but managed to break the existing record for transcontinental passenger flights, covering the 2,478 miles in just six hours, thirty-one minutes. What with UCLA playing in the Rose Bowl, I got to thinking about that week end in California, about Hays and his house, and that afternoon in the Colosseum. I couldn't help but recall the comment of a friend of mine when he got up from his seat after the football game, and put one finger in an ear still ringing with "Turn blue!," "Hit 'em with iron, Myron," and other expressions of the strange West. "Do you realize," he asked, thinking about the new non-stop coast-to-coast airplane, "that with this new DC-7 service these people are less than seven hours from our front door?"

—HORACE SUTTON.



IDEAS ON FILM

The American Scene

TO WHAT extent is the documentary film in the United States living up to its promised potentials? Has it achieved in recent years a significance equal to that of its wartime boom? Next month in New York City's Museum of Modern Art an answer to these questions will be given in the form of an eight-week showing of postwar American films under the general title "The American Scene 1945-1953." This will be the first major program of its kind since the Museum's huge seven-and-a-half month show in 1945 which covered the worldwide development of documentary film from Flaherty's "Nanook" in 1922 to the OWI's "The True Glory." So successful was the first show that it was extended for an additional two months with encores of the more outstanding programs and new inclusions of later acquisitions.

Next month's show at the Museum will not attempt to be as inclusive as the earlier one. The time limitation of eight weeks is a major handicap, for with a new program each week it means that less than two dozen two- or three-reelers can be shown in that time. (Film programs are held daily in the Museum's 500-seat auditorium, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.; admission to the theatre is included in the sixty-cent general admission charge.)

Rather than skip lightly through all documentary films produced in those eight years, the Museum's film curator, Richard Griffith, decided that the exhibition would include only films illuminating life in the USA. This means a less spectacular show than the one held in 1945, but in many ways a more penetrating one. "The American Scene" has a subject—the people, machinery, landscape, and character of this country. It has the extra advantage of eliminating the elusive word "documentary" from its title.

The lack of ready definition for the word "documentary" has long been an irritation among film-minded people; and the repeated demand for definition, when none is easily forthcoming, is even more irritating. Webster's gives this simple statement: "Documentary—recording or depicting in artistic form a factual and authoritative presentation, as of an event or a social or cultural phenomenon; as a documentary journalist or film." Most of us accept the artistic part, but it is the factual and authoritative element that throws us. We know that documentary film is closely related to everyday reality and to abstract truth, but the problem is that we do not know what to make of reality and truth. We think of them in terms of permanence and totality. Yet every evidence tells us that we are wrong; that reality is change, ambiguity, anticipation, and consequence; truth is viewpoint, relationship, event, and substance.

Sacrificing the word to capture some essences of the documentary film, the Museum's "American Scene" covers more of the nation's area and

Flight 301

By Gerhard Friedrich

NIGHT after night this swift and silver sweep
Into all souls' dimension. Over bays
Spangled with islands, over sunset-deep
Green coolnesses of woods that have the haze
Of ocean breeze upon them. Rivers, lakes
Are flecked with copper sheen. Then fields turn blind;
Headlands are lost in shadows. There awakes,
As each familiar landscape drops behind,
Thought beyond airy thought. A man may know
That he is winging somewhere and somewhen
Through clouds, through stars, through all the winds
that blow,
Through world spread very curiously—and then
Below him lies the city, and his flight
Is lured by jeweled networks streaming light.

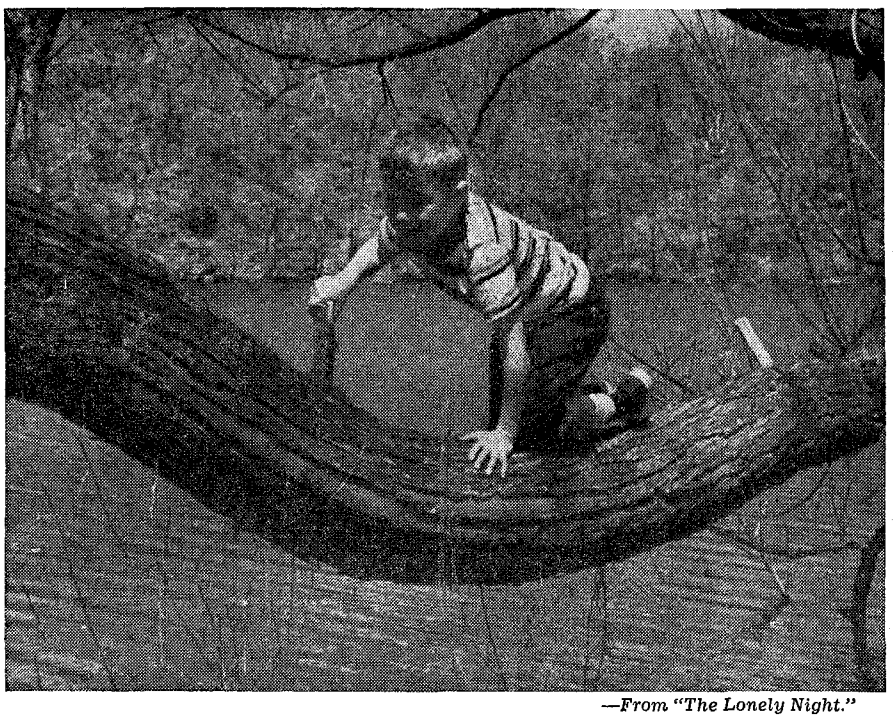
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

character than any one of us is likely to contemplate at first hand. The films have been selected for individual merit, rather than as representative of categories or film-makers or sponsors. They are arranged, not chronologically or in subject groupings, but to show each one and each other to best advantage, to create programs which audiences will enjoy. Following is a schedule of dates and titles:

Feb.	8-14	"Works of Calder" "Coney Island" "Out of the North"
Feb.	15-21	"Roots of Happiness" "The Quiet One"
Feb.	22-28	"Notes on the Port of St. Francis" "The Photographer" "Land of Enchantment"
Mar.	1-7	"Angry Boy" "The Lonely Night"
Mar.	8-14	"Decision for Chemistry" "American Frontier"
Mar.	15-21	"Feeling All Right" "Working and Playing to Health"
Mar.	22-28	"In the Street" "And Now—Miguel" "Puerto Rico"
Mar.	29-	"Steps of Age"
Apr.	4	"Who's Boss" "Benjy"

The locale is scattered across the country—California, Mississippi, Michigan, New Mexico, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, and down to the island of Puerto Rico. In the background are our city streets, farms, factories, wastelands, towns, recreations, and enterprise. All kinds of homes and occupations, all manner of people, minds, temperaments, conditions, and backgrounds are reflected. Together the films give a worthy picture of America, not an official picture, not even a complete picture, but certainly a worthy one, more accurate, for example, than the pictures of our nation that are reflected in the newspaper headline, the sociological study, the political cartoon, or the Hollywood motion picture.

SPONSORSHIP for these films shows a considerably broader base than at the time of the earlier documentary show, when more than three quarters of the American films shown were from the Federal Government and armed forces. Five of the twenty films in the current show were produced independently. Three were sponsored by American industry; specifically, Nash Motors, Monsanto Chemicals, and the American Petroleum Institute. Seven were paid for by funds from state and the Puerto Rican agencies (in most cases matched by Federal funds), and three were produced for the now defunct U. S. Information Service for overseas use. One of the films was sponsored by a leading publishing house (McGraw-Hill), one by a private hospital (Los Angeles Orthopedic).



—*From "The Lonely Night."*

". . . a worthy picture of America."

Among the credit titles there are some new names—Frank Stauffacher, Nicholas Read, Val Sherry, Herbert Matter, Helen Levitt, Janice Loeb, and James Agee. But most were established film-makers at the time of the earlier show—Larry Madison, Henwar Rodakiewicz, Sidney Meyers, Willard Van Dyke, Alexander Hammid, Irving Jacoby, Joseph Krumgold, John Ferno, Ben Maddow, Fred Zinnemann, and others whose wartime contributions were often anonymous. Unfortunately, full credits for the films are not listed in the Museum's program. Unfortunately too, a number of films which might well have been included in the program were eliminated for various reasons. Peter Glushanok's "Trailer 201," a fifty-minute production for the U. S. Information Service about cross-country truck driving, was ruled out as being of unequal merit—parts are routine while other parts are extraordinarily good. Alan Shilin's color films about American Indians produced for P. Lorrilard were disqualified because of the insistent tobacco commercials in what otherwise are tasteful and lovely motion pictures. George Stoney's "All My Babies," high on the Museum's list of films for inclusion, was held back by the film's distributor and sponsor who feel that its birth sequences are not yet appropriate for general viewing. By virtue of the self-imposed limitations of the show, all the so-called experimental films and all those using animation techniques rather than live photography were automatically eliminated from consideration. This creates a particular hardship on the makers of these films, and it is hoped that in the very near future the Museum of Modern Art (and other such organizations around the country) will plan showings of such films. Missing, too, are important films from Canada, Australia, Asia, Africa, Europe, and from the agencies of the United Nations.

Of the twenty films which are to be shown at the Museum many are "typically American"—"Coney Island," "Angry Boy," and "Land of Enchantment" to cite some obvious examples. But others might conceivably have been photographed in distant parts of the world—"And Now—Miguel," "In the Street," "Roots of Happiness," or "Out of the North." The fact is that as a nation we cannot easily be typified. It is the separateness of the films that gives the program its strength. All are individual statements of reality and viewpoint. As such they include comment and in some cases judgment or criticism. It is not the superficial comment and criticism of the agitator, who already knows all the answers to all questions; it is a more complex searching to understand and find the values and shortcomings in the individual, in his relationships with people, nature, and the social structure into which he was born, and in the mixed heritage of achievement, failure, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aspiration which he will bequeath to future generations.

In his introductory note on the Museum's program Richard Griffith writes: "The American film of fact and opinion, which 'came into its own' during World War II, has achieved a quieter but in many ways a more impressive growth in the eight succeeding years. As these programs show, it has put down deeper roots in the American scene, and has served the national interest in projecting that scene before the world, at the same time that it has served the special interest of science, industry, and art." Let us hope that film in America will serve an even greater number and variety of interests in future. It is this multiplicity of interests that makes America.

—Cecile Starr.

16mm. News

INFORMATION: Details on the availability of any of the twenty films mentioned in the above article can be obtained by writing this department. Space limitations prohibit the inclusion of such information in the magazine at this time.

EVENTS: The Educational Film Library Association is holding its first Eastern Regional Meeting on January 15 and 16, in the Carnegie International Center in New York, where EFLA's new headquarters are located. The two-day program will include screenings and panel discussions, featuring a showing of the brilliant new Unesco film "World Without End." The film is an hour long, and was produced by Paul Rotha and Basil Wright. Registration fee for the two days is $2.00, and for one day $1.25. Advance registrations may be sent to EFLA, 345 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The Film Council of America has scheduled its first American Film Assembly to be held in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel on April 1, 2, and 3. The meeting is open to film program users and to 16mm. professionals, and will also feature a two-day display of selected current nontheatrical releases. Further information and entry form for the film competition (deadline on the latter is Feb. 1) are available from the Film Council of America, 600 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois.

Another event for this spring is the Calvin Company's annual 16mm. Motion Picture Production Workshop scheduled for April 12, 13, and 14. For a schedule of planned events, write to Mr. Neal Keehn, The Calvin Company, 1105 Truman Road, Kansas City 6, Missouri. —C. S.

The Film Forum

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST | *The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Selected 16mm Sound Films

B R A Q U E (*18 min.*) *Distributed for rental and purchase by A. F. Films (Film Images, Inc.), 18 East 60 St., New York 22, N.Y.*

One of the more notable films on modern art is this charming and informal study of Georges Braque. Produced in France, the film now has an American narration, read by Hurd Hatfield, which explains the artist's background: born in 1882, learned his father's trade as housepainter, took up creative painting, and in 1908 met Picasso and with him developed the style of cubism. In his Normandy studio we see Braque at work, making things out of corrugated paper, bits of this and that, even a dried-up frogskin. In his seventies he is undeniably handsome with stunning white hair and penetrating dark eyes. He draws on a sheet of glass placed between him and the camera, giving the film audience a chance to feel the composition and line of his work. (This technique was also effectively used in a recent film on Picasso, with clear glass instead of clouded.)

From Braque's notebook comes a clue to the significance of his unusual materials and forms: "I would rather be in tune with nature than imitate her." On the beach outside his studio he selects some soft stones, carves two heads, and arranges them to form a study in equilibrium. These little details give a sincere picture not of an art movement, or even of an art, but of an individual artist. The film's narration is suitably explanatory, and the pictorial material splendid. It is a production of long-lasting value to schools, museums, adult groups, and entertainment programs of a certain intellectual level.

R E N O I R (*23 min., color*). *Produced by Jerry Winters. Distributed for rental and purchase by Contemporary Films, 13 East 37 St., New York 16, N. Y.*

The fifty-five-year painting career of Pierre-Auguste Renoir is reviewed here in a pictorial treatment that is happily tasteful, respectful, and craftsmanlike. A good number of the artist's more important canvases are shown, from among approximately four thousand of his major and minor paintings. It is to the film's credit that its purpose is to see them as pictures and to understand their individuality and style. In keeping with this purpose, the film often shows a painting within its fancy frame before closing in on the whole image and its selected details. This is a welcome change from the many art pictures whose producers borrow the artist's color, style, and discretion only to abuse it for extraneous aims.

The commentary for "Renoir" is unusually intelligent, but it does run away with itself every once in a while. Perhaps the film's greatest fault is its length —half that running-time would be enough for the average audience, especially for a film that deals with so prolific an artist. Otto Peter Radl's color photography is commendable in its simplicity of style and movement and in its delicateness of tone. Film-minded audiences may already know, or may be interested to learn, that the painter Renoir is the father of film-maker Jean Renoir whose "Grande Illusion," "La Regle du Jeu," and "The Southerner" rank him among the world's foremost directors.

C O L E T T E (*30 min., in French with English sub-titles*). *Produced by Jacqueline Jacoupy. Distributed for rental and purchase by Brandon Films, 200 West 57 Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

The life and times of France's distinguished Mme. Colette, are recaptured through her souvenirs and photographs and through former homes and landscapes which have surrounded her fascinating past. The film opens and closes with scenes of the writer in her present Paris apartment, talking first with her present husband and later with her neighbor Jean Cocteau. The most appealing shots are those of cats, trees, and the photographs of the writer as a young girl. The skills that went into the making of this film have not always been well coordinated, but there is a decided charm. The French commentary, written by Colette herself, is wordier than becomes a short film, and the pace and vocabulary are a bit wearing on anyone who doesn't speak French like a native. Nevertheless, admirers of Mme. Colette are sure to find this attempt at biography more imaginative and delightful than the sort of film Hollywood might offer.

T O U L O U S E L A U T R E C (*25 min., color*). *Produced by Peter Riethof (in association with Spencer Samuels) and distributed by Brandon Films (see above).*

From the work of this famous French artist are re-created a life story, a personality, and an era of Parisian bohemia. The posters and paintings of Jane Avril, La Goulue, May Belfort, Yvette Guilbert, of the artist himself, of cabaret life, horse races, circus life, and women, women, women give a fine pictorial impression that is occasionally and unfortunately marred by "live" camera shots of can-can dancers, food, and drink. The narration, read by Conrad Nagel, is informative; and recordings of a few French songs enliven the sound track. This was the era in which Europe seemed at permanent peace, and Frenchmen were hard put to amuse themselves. Script by Caroline Hector.

—Cecile Starr.

* For rentals consult the list of *SR* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Healer and the Scientist

Continued from page 9

characterized as much by the detailed knowledge of the personality of the patient and his social and economic environment as by an accurate detection of the physical manifestations of his disease. This change is not simply an upsurge of humanism. It is the practical effect of an increasing recognition of the direct interaction of the personality and the environment in determining the nature of disease and in directing its management. With interest focused so intensely on the individual our goal reaches beyond health to become happiness.

A satisfying example of the benefits of the fusion of healer and scientist is found in the ever more perceptive understanding of the personality. While the results of unaided intuition practised by gifted physicians have often been startling in their accuracy and comprehensiveness, the increased potential added by modern psychological knowledge equips the average practitioner (with adequate urge) to recognize the emotional problems of his patient and to evaluate the peculiarities that may bear on his illness. One of the obstacles that impeded the attempt to merge the healer and scientist was the false legend that a scientific training with its inculcation of logic and critique smothered man's finer feelings and led to cold and wholly objective attitudes; that an interest in accurate data precluded compassion and affection. It seems incredible that such unjustified beliefs could exist, but those of us who were trying to be scientists in a resistant hospital atmosphere thirty years ago heard this warning with discouraging frequency.

SCIENCE offers much to the present-day physician, for it not only teaches him how to analyse and integrate his facts but it has developed an extraordinary battery of methods for the detailed and accurate detection of those facts. The structure of the body as altered by disease was an unsolved mystery in most patients forty years ago. An exploratory operation was only too frequently justified. Now, largely due to the ingenious applications of X-rays, all areas of the body and most organs may be so well visualized that only a limited budget curtails a comprehensive recognition of anatomical abnormalities. Appraisal of various body functions, practically impossible forty years ago, has attained a high degree of completeness by the contributions of chemistry and by the development of complicated physical apparatus such as the electroencephalogram and electrocardiogram.

When the physician of today finishes a careful diagnostic study under the best auspices, he has a broadly inclusive and fairly accurate series of data concerning his patient. While there are still serious gaps in his knowledge, the proportion of known to unknown has reached a reasonably comfortable ratio in most cases. The pathological areas may be clearly defined and their functions satisfactorily estimated. It has been equally valuable, particularly to the understanding of psychosomatic mechanisms, that absence of organic disease can be assured with the same reliability. In fact, ability to accomplish this relatively complete evaluation of the physical status has been as productive a factor in illuminating the influence of the emotions in health problems as has been the growth of psychiatric knowledge.

As the healer has merged with the scientist he has undergone several interesting changes. Exposition has been substituted for pompous authoritarianism. With some real knowledge of what is occurring in his patient, he need no longer discourage questions from his patient or speak *ex cathedra*. He gladly explains those areas which he understands with a self-confidence that permits him to face his ignorance of other areas. An honest simplicity supplants the complicated pseudo-scientific double talk of "catarrhs," "intoxications," "biliousness," and so forth; the "bedside manner," where it survives, is frankly salesmanship. Although sectarianism in medicine had begun to decline forty years ago, there was still much orthodoxy, and deviations from a ritual in the examination of a patient were frowned on merely because they were deviations. This attitude is no longer evident in the best circles (exclusive of the psycho-

IF JEFFERSON had had a choice he would have set the Declaration of Independence in

monotype

4 European Studytours

SUMMER, 1954—offered by STATE UNIVERSITY TEACHERS COLLEGE POTSDAM, NEW YORK

with graduate and undergraduate credit in

ART • EDUCATION
MUSIC • HISTORY

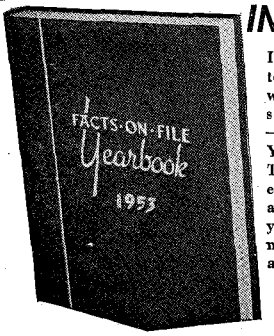
For details—write to— STUDY ABROAD INC.
250 W. 57 Street, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

IDEAS!

Outstanding publishers in the New York market are receptive to ideas, and not simply the mechanical submission of book manuscripts. We quote from one: "You are the only agency that comes up with ideas, not just manuscripts."
An astute agent does more than simply present book manuscripts in routine fashion. He recognizes creative talent in the writer, and paves the way for him to use it!
Write today for our terms and procedure. Mention *The Saturday Review*.

DANIEL S. MEAD
LITERARY AGENT
419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

ALL WORLD NEWS FACTS OF 1953
IN ONE COMPLETE, INDEXED VOLUME!



If accurate news reference is important to you or your organization—if you want the straight *facts*—unbiased, stripped of opinion and sensationalism—the new 1953 FACTS ON FILE YEARBOOK is an absolute necessity! This complete, concise, indexed reference volume is as easy, as quick to use as a dictionary or phone book! Gives you a summary of every significant news fact—in every field of human activity—in every corner of the world during the year 1953. The day-by-day digest of over 4,000 leading newspapers and magazines . . . more than 11,000 scrupulously accurate and complete articles, and the full, instant cross-index . . . all make the 1953 FACTS ON FILE YEARBOOK unique! Considered indispensable by hundreds of professional and business men, libraries, publications, radio stations, embassies, etc. For your FREE copy of the FOF YEARBOOK Brochure, write:

FACTS ON FILE Dept. 89-1, 516 Fifth Ave. New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

analytic group). The master-disciple relationship, so common in the past, is rarely seen. The oft-repeated aphorisms of the great clinician are supplanted by information quoted from a variety of scientific journals. The atmosphere is experimental, the mood is inquiring, the goal is understanding. Moreover, there is as much concern with the understanding of the total individual as of his chemical processes. The healer is as alert as the scientist.

It is thus apparent that the physician of today, at his best, represents a fusion of the healer and the scientist. In his role he analyzes the multiple components presented by a single human being. As healer his intuitive understanding of the personality and environment is amplified by modern psychology; and scientific studies of the many facets of the structure and function of the physical machine inform him as to the existing organic status. The appraisal resulting from an integration of these data leads naturally to the special management appropriate to the particular individual. The introduction of the highest possible standards of scientific precision into clinical medicine is no deterrent to the exhibition of compassion or any of the other generous gifts of the healer. Merging the healer and the scientist combines the best capacities of both and loses nothing by the union.

AN attempt to explore the essential forces that have caused the great changes in medicine over the past forty years leads our attention to two main categories of influence. There is, on one hand, the general increase of knowledge and, on the other hand, the evolution of the physician himself, his understanding, his wisdom, his philosophy.

The growth of knowledge in medicine needs no recounting here; I am much more concerned with the forces that have changed the doctor himself. In this country, at least, the evolution of the physician has been a reflection of the evolution of medical education, of the medical school. When the medical school ceased being a profitable side line for a group of successful practitioners and became an integral part of the university the physician made the first step toward true dignity. He was respected, useful, and often high-minded before, but he was essentially an artisan. The keen investigative mind had shown itself repeatedly in the recognition of new disease entities and the observation of fresh relationships, but there was little awareness of the experimental method among clinicians and few opportunities for the cultivation of scientific critique. As the medical schools of the country were gradually absorbed into the universities the responsibility for leadership passed from successful doctors to professors of medicine. For a relatively long time, however, these professors were recruited from active practitioners who were not primarily devoted to their academic responsibilities.

The second important advance corrected this defect by the establishment of "full-time" professorships. Men in these posts gave up their private practices so that they could spend all of their time in teaching and research. It was in 1914 that the generosity of the Rockefeller Foundation made it possible for the Johns Hopkins Medical School to create full-time professorships in internal medicine, pediatrics, and surgery. It seems incredible that such an obviously desirable advance should have met the bitter opposition that arose and indeed still exists in certain areas. I was a fourth-year medical student at Johns Hopkins when the first full-time professor took office, and I was an ostracized assistant to a full-time professor at Hopkins for two years, from 1919 to 1921. It was hard for me even from a ringside seat to explain the slow acceptance of this most important of all improvements in medical education and thereby the quality of medicine generally. The best of the opposition honestly believed that science should be confined to the cloistered laboratories of the fundamental departments and that the practice of medicine was an independent discipline; the less enlightened opponents were resentful that they could not continue to earn a large income from practice while they enjoyed the prestige of key academic positions.

FREEDOM from the harassing cares of private practice gave the full-time professors opportunity to undertake research, the third and most significant step in the maturing of clinical medicine. The necessary time was now available and the hospitals quickly supplied laboratories in which this time could profitably be spent.

Over the past twenty-five years the full time teacher and his research laboratories have wrought a remarkable change in the clinical departments. Their influence has introduced sophisticated critiques and a full appreciation of the experimental method. The department of medicine at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center is an example of the rich variety and intense activity of modern medicine. A nucleus of over twenty-five full time teachers and investigators spend practically their entire time with the students and in the laboratories. In close association with them is a large group of practising physicians, some of them confining their time to the hospital and others maintaining offices in the city and coming to the hospital daily. All of this group teach and many of them participate in research problems. The research units supported by the department include chemistry, physics, microbiology, immunology, enzymology, endocrinology, physiology, psychology, and many others. In this environment the scientist flourishes and the healer is progressively enriched by ever-increasing opportunities to understand and minister to his patients. It is in this atmosphere of teaching, of learning, and of eager search for knowledge found in medical schools all over the country that the stature and usefulness of the physician of today has so increased. It is no paradox that the practical use of knowledge in clinical medicine is achieved best by those whose training

Old Song Resung

By Christopher La Farge

WHAT is this lust called love,
call love, say love,
say you and you with me and you are two
of whole abounding in the sounds above
musical mathematics we construe.
Say it's a year's a mort of months of days
piled full and freely emptily and fulfilled
into a unity of love's burning ways,
oh, burned by longing beyond want unwilled!
What is this love called longing, call it long,
say long alone together yet endures
as flesh surrounds abundant spirit's song
swung in a passion fever flares and cures
and time's the theme of many months are done
as separate hearts are yet apart as one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has directly or indirectly been influenced by exposure to research. The present-day internist must accept each new patient as a research problem, to be investigated in the light of a philosophy equivalent in quality to that encountered in the "pure sciences," tempered, of course, by common sense.

THERE is always a lag between the fruition of advances in the centers of research and education and the spread of this knowledge to the periphery where it may affect the practising physician. This time gap is slowly decreasing as more and more medical students have learned their profession in a climate that is enlightened by the research point of view. The greatest asset that the scientist has offered the healer is the means for continued growth. The healer alone is capable of little evolution but the scientist, with some effort, can keep in step with the development of his profession.

The quality of the healer is largely dependent on the warmth and flexibility of his personality; it is fundamentally a natural endowment though it may be somewhat strengthened through opportunity and experience. The essential job of the medical school, therefore, is to cultivate the scientist to the limit of his intellectual capacity.

It is an unavoidable result of the slow spread of the advances generated in the medical schools that all steps in medicine's evolutionary process shall exist contemporaneously. In the shadows of the great medical centers healers are distributing their magic and uncritical physicians are confusing the normal processes of healing by unnatural diets and slightly toxic medicines. But the general level is steadily rising and the qualities of leadership created by the research spirit in the medical schools ensures a continuing growth.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1032)

ULRICH TROUBETZKOY:
CALENDAR

The clean white pages of another
year
Lie on my desk, unsmudged . . .
Chanticleer
Of this one dawn can sound
importunate, . . .
As a bronze cock which all the
weathers veer.
The unfledged year! . . .
Who dares yet assay
The sleeping burden of its
turbulence?

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 35¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, prompt. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colorado.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt (NYC). MUrray Hill 3-4000, Ext. 55.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. Plaza 8-2740.

PROFESSIONAL EDITING; MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Research, bibliographies, indexing, proofreading. Solid publishing experience. KAHN, ENdicott 2-1017. Box P-970.

TYPING. Manuscripts, etc. Electromatic. Fast. Accurate. Reasonable. BETSY ROSS, 57 West 45 St., NYC. JUdson 2-0840.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

GHOSTWRITING fiction, articles, theses, books, plays, etc. NORBERT MURRAY, 501 East 73 St., NYC. TRafalgar 9-3112.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

EXPERIENCED PUBLISHER'S READER and fiction analyst will appraise stories, novels, nonfiction. Write first. ALEX JACKINSON, Literary Agent, 11 West 42 St., NYC.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT neatly typed in my home. $1 per 1,000 words. Carbon copy, extra first page. Write: Mrs. B. J. Kruso, 1613 West 2 St., Dayton 7, Ohio.

AUTHORS READY FOR COOPERATIVE PUBLISHING but who can't decide which Press to select or what royalty scale (20%, 40%, or the full 100%) they are entitled to, we are specialists in this field and, by general background and intensive experience, eminently qualified to offer authoritative advice. We guarantee to save you hundreds of dollars in publishing costs, and get you the best royalty terms, top-flight publicity, promotion and sales campaigns. Write for free information to WRITERS' SERVICE, LITERARY CONSULTANTS, 7 East 42 St., NYC 17. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

GHOSTWRITING, well-known author. Economics, international affairs. Reasonable. BUtterfield 8-8358 (NYC).

CLASSIFIED

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE: Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 30¢.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Over a thousand titles and a million issues. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS, 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA's, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

SAVE 50% to 80%. SEND for FREE bargain catalogue No. 385-SR, UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 123 East 24 St., NYC 10.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKS FOUND! Fast service—reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-SRL, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

THAT ELUSIVE BOOK located reasonably. THE BOOKFINDER, Box 204, GPO, NYC 1.

TRY BARNES & NOBLE. Over a million books in stock. Free search service. One of the world's largest bookstores. Eightieth year. Dept. L, BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave., NYC 3.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS—Complete stock hard-to-find books. Established 1900. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

THIRTY YEARS of experience PROVES that people know WHERE to go for their out of print books. We make no extravagant claims! Dept S. AUDUBON BOOK SERVICE, 415 Lincoln Ave., Brooklyn 8, N. Y.

RARE, HARD-TO-FIND Scholarly Books, all subjects. Specializing Ancient Classics, Curiosa, Judaica. Research bibliographies prepared. SCHOLARLY BOOK SERVICE, 35 East 52 St., Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Japanese—quickly, naturally—29 languages available by Linguaphone, World's Standard Conversational Method. You learn by listening, like living in a foreign country. Send for FREE Book. Call for FREE Demonstration. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2601 RCA Building, NYC 20. Circle 7-0829.

ART

PAINTING CLASSES, individual instruction, limited to 5. For information, Edward Zutrau, COlumbus 5-8377 (NYC).

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 49)

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB offers special high-fidelity record package. Write for catalogue. Box R-200.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) finest imported make. English, Swiss fingerings. $4.50. $8.50 up. Recorder music, recorder records. Free catalogue. R14, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

EXCEPTIONAL RECORD SERVICE: LP and 45 RPM records. No charge for postage. New releases and specials issued monthly. Send for FREE comprehensive catalogue today. MOREC MAIL, Inc., 15 Park Row, NYC 38, Dept. SR.

HI-FI MUSIC. Complete custom phonograph-radios for MUSIC LISTENERS. NYC area. SUPERB sound. For details write BOHN MUSIC SYSTEMS, 550 Fifth Ave., NYC 36, PLaza 7-8569.

PERSONALS

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine *clientele: attentive staff. Singles from $4 to $8,* doubles from $8 to $12. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17, ELdorado 5-7300.

BE A MONEY MAKER . . . Use your home as magazine headquarters. Liberal commissions. No experience—no capital needed. Everything furnished. Write for FREE Catalogue. McGREGOR MAGAZINE AGENCY, Dept. 750, Mount Morris, Illinois.

CROW'S NEST TRIPS to EUROPE, Seventh Summer 1954. A lovely present for your son, daughter, or yourself would be a comfortable trip through Europe by automobile with Language Teacher and French Wife. All ages—all tastes—a valuable experience. DONALD R. HART, Jr., 7326 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Phone: Chestnut Hill 8-0837.

PLAYWRIGHTS: Awards in 3 fields, possible productions: deadline March 1. Address inquiries: DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, *Stanford, California.*

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. *Free instruction course by* mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation. Write CATHOLIC INFORMATION SOCIETY, Dept. S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

WRITE FOR PAY—cash checks of $1 to $100 offered daily. Learn professional writers secrets at home. Free details. CUMMINGS INSTITUTE, Box 17006, Studio A-1-B, Los Angeles 17, California.

NEW YORK CITY IS LOTS MORE FUN when you stay at the VANDERBILT and enjoy the extra advantages of a truly fine hotel . . . central location, superb service and accommodations. HOTEL VANDERBILT offers 4 different, 3-day all-expense weekends from $13.37 *per person,* including twin-bed rooms with private bath, breakfast in bed or in the famed Palm Garden Restaurant, and your choice of night-clubbing or sightseeing. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave., at 34 St., NYC.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc., $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

PERSONALS

PLAN TO ATTEND The 21st Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains, July 26-August 13, 1954. Write University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

WANTED: Position as governess on summer trip to Europe. Senior college student. Salary no object. Box R-582.

AM NOT RESPONSIBLE for actions of my wife night of January 10. She always breaks up when she watches MARTIN and LEWIS on Colgate Comedy Hour. Signed Eddie.

CO-OP AFRICAN SAFARI, mixed group, leaving New York February 23 by air; one month, all expenses, $2,500. Box R-568.

ORCHESTRA PLAYERS wanted for AMATEUR SYMPHONY. Downtown Brooklyn. Phone Hickory 6-5270 evenings.

EMERSON SOCIETY of California now organizing. Box 615, Beverly Hills.

COMPANION—refined, educated widow, practical nurse, desires position. Box R-575.

TO RENT: Attractive accommodations in 7-room private apartment. Box R-576.

WANTED: Middle-aged typist for occasional manuscript work, evenings. No dictation but prefer someone with feeling for story values. Box R-577.

FREE! Big United States Catalog. Valuable guide and check list. Hundreds of illustrations. Approvals. HARRISCO, 365 Transit Building, Boston 17, *Massachusetts.*

HAVE YOU UNUSUAL and interesting facts or materials on John Masefield to dispose? Quote to: Brannon, 901 Baylor, Waco, Texas.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS, "Rat-tails," outstanding hunters. Quick-witted, amiable, strikingly distinctive *companions. Shipped anywhere.* ERIN-SPAN KENNELS, 1907S Howell Ave., Richland, Washington.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 *East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.*

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2 Returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91 St., NYC 24.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

THEATRE NEWSLETTER digests NYC theatre reviews, news. Drama books, records, Ticket reports. $1 check five weeks, $10 year. NYC Reviews Analyzed—back titles. Theatre, films, LP records. $1 check each. CRITICAL DIGEST, 505 Fifth Ave., NYC.

THERE'S A SURPRISE in store for Review Readers in Washington, D. C. They enjoy special rates and privileges at the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels—the Annapolis, Hamilton, and Hay-Adams. All-expense visit includes air-conditioned room with bath, sightseeing tours, broadcasts, etc.—from $10.95 up. Write Harry Weissinger, *General Manager,* Hotel Annapolis, Washington 5, D. C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, *18 Gramercy Park South,* NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

SHOP FOR SALE

FLOURISHING BOOKSHOP. Nationally publicized. Established 16 years same ownership; excellent clientele. Central location. Inquiries invited for qualified buyers. Box 175, Palm Springs, California.

HOUSE AVAILABLE

For Sale

BEAUTIFUL 4-bedroom Colonial Home, 25x35' Studio, 2 baths, 2-car Garage and Workshop. 4 acres. 60 minutes commuting N. Y. Excellent schools, shopping and living conditions. Owned by original builder. Priced for immediate sale, $37,500. Write *or call Peter Kahn, 100 Park Ave., N. Y., or Wilton,* Connecticut, Evenings.

TRAVEL

VISIT 10 EUROPEAN COUNTRIES, *including Spain.* June 29-August 20. Ideal arrangements, personally conducted, all-inclusive tour for $950. GETTYSBURG COLLEGE TOURS, Gettysburg, Pa.

SEE EUROPE in small groups, leisurely, comfortably, economically. Spring Tour FRANCONIA March 26; 3 months, 14 countries, including Spain, Scandinavia. *Summer Student Tours* SAMARIA *June 23; 2½ months.* For outstanding values, BUNGEY-STREET TRAVEL SERVICE, Palo Alto, California.

GOING TO EUROPE? We prepare low-cost or super-deluxe itineraries for individual or group trips. Write: O'BRIEN TOURS, P.O. Box 4935, Washington 8, D. C.

EUROPE IN 1954. Wide selection conducted and independent tours. Reserve now. ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

CONNECTICUT HIDEWAY for discerning people. Lighthouse Inn and Keeper's Lodge, chic weekend *resort 2½ hours from New York on coastline at* New London. Orchestra Saturdays. European plan. Doubles, private tiled bath, $6 to $10.

MERRIEBROOK, *Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals.* Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet *informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.*

WINTER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Crystal splendor. Roaring fires. Skiing. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama. Charming, delightful, homelike. Write for folder.

COLONIAL CHARM *amidst wooded Litchfield Hills;* casual, intimate. SKI TOW. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1033

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. State of being nowhere.	94 82 150 30 62 142 158 72 13 69 / 127
B. Of a depth sufficient to reach a certain joint of a human walker (comp.).	123 16 26 88 49 37 149 162 14
C. A light garment for a woman's shoulders.	115 145 10 54 161
D. Specifying a particularly hearty afternoon "tea."	12 53 175 157
E. Godless person, formerly automatically disqualified as a witness.	87 136 160 133 15 56 144
F. Simultaneous sounding of all audible frequencies produces a "white" one.	139 23 79 4 183
G. Fashionable.	42 129 184 138 134 166
H. See Word Q.	177 74 36 51 27 153 24 126 167
I. Rare.	55 181 78 38 106 81 164 125 34
J. What people go traveling to see.	141 70 21 92 131 173
K. Puzzling.	117 179 1 52 97 7 84 22 159
L. Twigs emblematic of grief.	143 100 156 83
M. Symbols of 15th century civil war in England.	121 28 25 40 11

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Individual who usually provides the continuity on a TV program, like Ed Sullivan, Ken Murray, etc.	18 171 65 77 169
O. Term in sporting for the pendulous part of a bloodhound's ear.	113 63 176 2 108 120 73
P. Something desirable for cakes, penalized for pucks.	114 107 46 128 180
Q. Followed by Word H, a great Canadian scenic attraction.	91 35 118 59 102
R. Messrs. Stravinsky and Gorin; Borodin's Prince.	116 140 172 101
S. Ancient banner of St. Denis.	68 99 178 109 19 170 147 89 66
T. Founder of the old Strand Magazine in London, where "Sherlock Holmes" first appeared.	64 45 165 80 146 76
U. Arrangement and proportioning of windows.	155 60 41 6 148 122 85 110 93 3 / 98 71
V. Exaggerated; carried too far.	95 39 182 17 8 43 47 104
W. Profoundly respectful.	61 152 168 31 44 9 163 174
X. Rather out-moded garment for men.	67 112 33 132 96 103 137 20 48 130
Y. Important chemical used in dyeing, bleaching, removing ink stains (2 wds.).	154 58 105 5 86 111 75 119 90 32
Z. Small but injurious insect of several kinds.	29 57 135 151 124 50

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

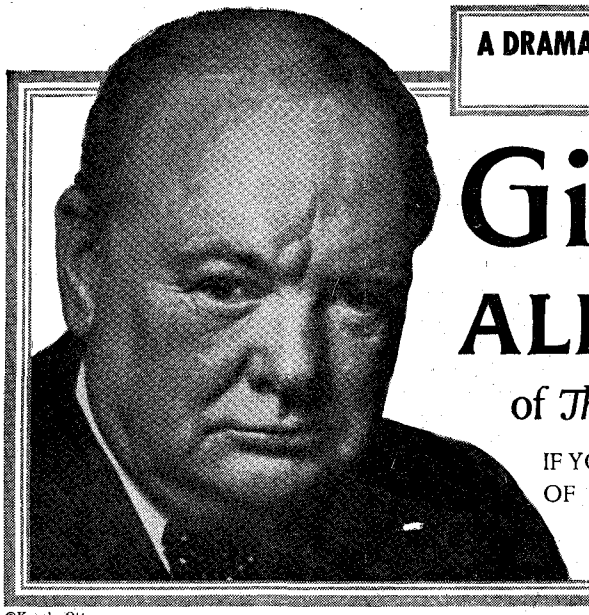
Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 K	2 O	■	3 U	4 F	■	5 Y	6 U	7 K	8 V	9 W	10 C	11 M	12 D	13 A	14 B
■	15 E	16 B	■	17 V	18 N	19 S	20 X	21 J	22 K	23 F	24 H	25 M	■	26 B	27 H	28 M
29 Z	30 A	31 W	32 Y	33 X	34 I	■	35 Q	36 H	37 B	■	38 I	39 V	40 M	41 U	■	42 G
43 V	44 W	45 T	■	46 P	47 V	■	48 X	49 B	50 Z	51 H	52 K	53 D	54 C	55 I	56 E	■
57 Z	58 Y	59 Q	60 U	61 W	62 A	63 O	64 T	65 N	66 S	■	67 X	68 S	69 A	■	70 J	71 U
72 A	73 O	74 H	75 Y	76 T	77 N	78 I	■	79 F	80 T	81 I	82 A	83 L	84 K	85 U	86 Y	87 E
88 B	■	89 S	90 Y	91 Q	92 J	93 U	■	94 A	95 V	96 X	■	97 K	98 U	99 S	100 L	■
101 R	102 Q	103 X	104 V	105 Y	106 I	107 P	108 O	■	109 S	110 U	111 Y	112 X	113 O	114 P	115 C	116 R
117 K	118 Q	■	119 Y	120 O	121 M	122 U	123 B	124 Z	125 I	126 H	127 A	■	128 P	129 G	130 X	■
131 J	132 X	133 E	134 G	135 Z	■	136 E	137 X	138 G	139 F	140 R	141 J	■	142 A	143 L	■	144 E
145 C	146 T	147 S	148 U	149 B	150 A	151 Z	152 W	153 H	■	154 Y	155 U	■	156 L	157 D	158 A	159 K
160 E	■	161 C	162 B	■	163 W	164 I	165 T	■	166 G	167 H	168 W	169 N	■	170 S	■	171 N
172 R	173 J	174 W	■	175 D	176 O	177 H	178 S	179 K	180 P	■	181 I	182 V	183 F	184 G	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 49 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE BOOK-DIVIDEND SYSTEM OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

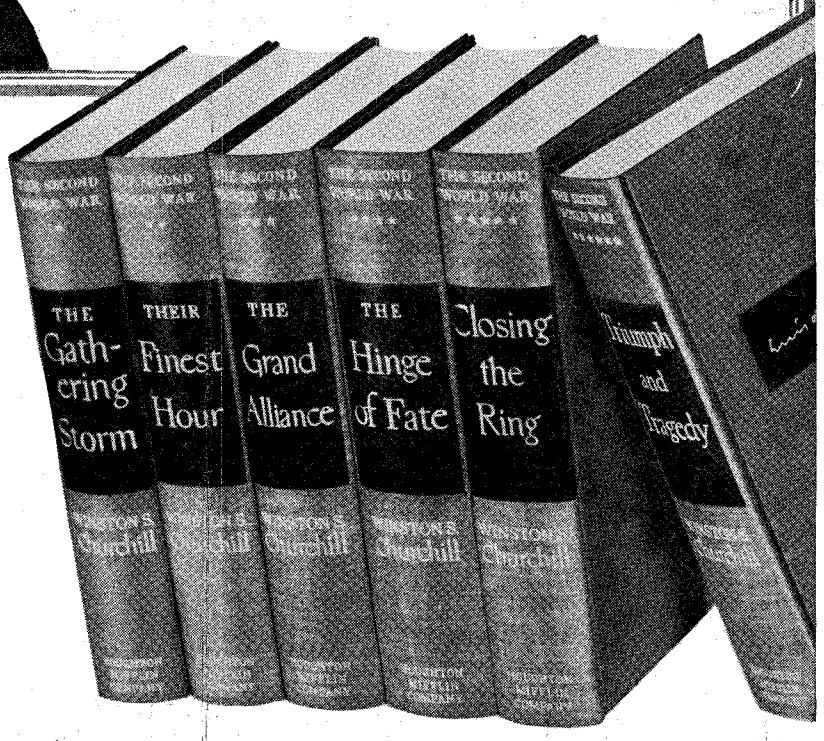


©Karsh, Ottawa

Given to you... ALL SIX VOLUMES

of *The Second World War* by Winston Churchill

IF YOU JOIN THE CLUB NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS—
OF YOUR CHOICE—DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS



FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE these six great books will be a possession you will be proud to have acquired, as a memento of your own part, however humble, in this great epoch of human history. The set is offered in this Trial Membership to demonstrate three things about the Book-of-the-Month Club. ★ **FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you want to read. For example, *all six* of the Churchill books were Club selections. ★ **SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price for each of these Churchill volumes is $6.00; the price to Club members is only $4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for selections was *27% less* than the retail price. ★ **THIRD:** that, on top of this, you share in about $1,000,000 worth of books, each month, distributed *free* to members as Book-Dividends. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage yourself to buy later.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club's selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection, please see coupon.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent *free* to members.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

(THE RETAIL VALUE OF THESE SIX BOOKS IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY WOULD BE $36)

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME

- ☐ **CRESS DELAHANTY** by Jessamyn West *$3.75*
- ☐ **THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS** by Charles A. Lindbergh *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE** by Alan Paton *$3.50*
- ☐ **VERMONT TRADITION** by Dorothy Canfield Fisher *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE CAINE MUTINY** by H. Wouk *$3.95*
- ☐ **FIRE IN THE ASHES** by Theodore H. White *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY** by Ernest K. Gann *$3.50*
- ☐ **THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA** by Ernest Hemingway *$3.00*
- ☐ **THE AGE OF THE MOGULS** by Stewart H. Holbrook *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **ANNAPURNA** by Maurice Herzog *Price (to members only) $3.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A251
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, immediately, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least six monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club selections and Special Members' Editions—I am to receive the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) .....*State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

**Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED